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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakeſpear.

VOLUME *the* NINTH.

CONTAINING,

ROMEO *and* JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.

AND

A GLOSSARY.

LONDON:

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſs'd lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſ-adventur'd piteous overthrows,
Do, with their death, bury their parents ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours traffick of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
PARIS, *a young Nobleman in love with* Juliet, *and Kinſman to the Prince.*
MOUNTAGUE, } *Two Lords of ancient Families, Enemies*
CAPULET, } *to each other.*
ROMEO, *Son to* Mountague.
MERCUTIO, *Kinſman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
BENVOLIO, *Kinſman and friend to* Romeo.
TYBALT, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar LAWRENCE.
Friar JOHN.
BALTHASAR, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
SAMPSON, } *Servants to* Capulet.
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *Servant to* Mountague.
Apothecary.
PETER, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady MOUNTAGUE, *Wife to* Mountague.
Lady CAPULET, *Wife to* Capulet.
JULIET, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Muſicians, Maſkers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

The Plot taken from an Italian *Novel of* Bandello.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, *with ſwords and bucklers, two Servants of the* Capulets.

Sam. GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

Gre. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel while I am able to ſtand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the houſe of the *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you? I ſerve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds? Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword, Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partizans! ſtrike! beat them down! Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues!*

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a ſword?

Cap. A ſword, I ſay: old *Mountague* is come, And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and Lady* Mountague.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet* --- Hold me not, let me go.

La Moun. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel ---- Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beaſts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins: On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince. Three civil broils, bred of an airy word, By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*, Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets, And made *Verona*'s ancient citizens Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,

To wield old partizans in hands as old.
If ever you disturb our streets again.
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away,
You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, &c.

SCENE II.

La Moun. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the instant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came.

La Moun. O, where is *Romeo?* saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peep'd through the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rds him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him;
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;

But

But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should, in the fartheſt Eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by my ſelf and many other friends;
But he, his own affection's counſellor,
Is to himſelf, I will not ſay how true,
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow, couſin.

Rom. Is the day ſo young?

Ben. But new ſtruck nine.

Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them ſhort.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out ----

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben.

Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his ill!
Where ſhall we dine?-- O me!-- What fray was here?--
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Griefs of mine own lye heavy in my breaſt!
Which thou wilt propagate to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love that thou haſt ſhewn
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers eyes,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my cozen. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
An if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. But I have loſt my ſelf, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love.
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will....

O word, ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill ----
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man ; -- and ſhe's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But in that hit you miſs ; -- ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow ; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit :
And in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O, ſhe is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with her dies beauty's ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte ?
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte.
For beauty ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe ; too wiſely fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair ;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more :
Thoſe happy maſks that kiſs fair Ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair ;
What doth her beauty ſerve but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing fair ?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my Lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?

Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but her.
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lyes my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore
One more, o'th' welcome makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one
May ſtand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,

My

My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written here? It is written, that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the taylor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned.--- In good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy and be help'd by backward turning,
One deſperate grief cure with another's languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented; and--- Good-e'en, good fellow.

[*To the Servant.*

Ser. God gi' good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly; reſt you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

Signior Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters; the Lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely neices*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters*; *my fair neice* Roſaline, Livia, *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To ſupper to our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed I ſhould have aſkt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without aſking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and craſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of *Capulet*'s,
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehood, then turn tears to fires;
And thoſe who often drown'd could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe chryſtal ſcales let there be weigh'd
Your Lady-love againſt ſome other maid
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now, by my maiden-head, (at twelve years old) I bad her come; what, lamb! what, lady-bird! God forbid,---where's this girl? what, *Juliet!*

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter ----- Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; nurſe, come back again, I have remembred me, thou ſhalt hear my counſel: thou know'ſt my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four,) ſhe's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all Chriſtian ſouls) were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd, I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid wormwood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua* --- nay, I do bear a brain. But as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-houſe ---- 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay, by th' rood, ſhe could have run, and wadled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my huſband, (God be with his ſoul, a'was a merry man,) took up the child; yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid, *ay*; To ſee now how a jeſt ſhall come about. I war-

rant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years, I never ſhould forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it ſtinted, and ſaid, *ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, *ay*; and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'ſt upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age; wilt thou not, *Julé?* it ſtinted, and ſaid, *ay*.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace,
Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurſt.
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.

Nurſe. A man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man
As all the world---Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona*'s ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris*' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd,

call'd, my young Lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſt in the pantry, and every thing in extremity; I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow †. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Street before* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other Maſkers, Torch-bearers, and Drummer.*

Rom. What, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper.
Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, 'fore our enterance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles, I have a ſoul of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. Give me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grand-ſire phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on ‡.

† ----- I beſeech you follow.
La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.
Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

‡ ------ and look on,
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to the ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay.

We

I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well; what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. ---In bed aſleep; while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queen *Mab* hath been with you.
She is the fancy's mid-wife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens noſes as they lye aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joyner ſquirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night,
Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
O'er ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:

We burn our lights by night, like lamps by day. [*Ed.* I.]
Take our good meaning, for our judgment ſits
Five times a day ere once in her right wits. [*Ed.* I.]
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why? may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream, &c.

And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tith-pig's tail,
Tickling a parſon as he lyes aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes,
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This, this is ſhe -----

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from our ſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, ſtill hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit! On, luſty gentlemen.

Ben.

Ben. ſtrike, drum.

[*They march about the ſtage, and Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants with napkins.

1 *Ser.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good manners ſhall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*.---*Anthony*, and *Potpan!*

2 *Ser.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome. Ladies that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty
I'll ſwear hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome all, gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt your ſelf and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;

'Tis

'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.
2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir;
His ſon is thirty.
1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not, Sir.
Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhows a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty 'till this night,
Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To ſleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?
Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement.

Therefore

Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance of a feaſt.
Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endur'd. †
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame)
I'll make you quiet---What? cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand [*To* Juliet.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine be this,
My lips two bluſhing pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray; grant thou, leſt faith turn to deſpair. ‖

† --- He ſhall be endur'd. *Nurſe.*
What, goodman boy -- I ſay he ſhall. Go to---
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to--
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy --- is't ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
Be quiet, &c.

‖ --- turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd. [*Kiſſing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that late they took.

Rom.

Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurſe.*
Nurſe. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here---come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay it waxes late.
I'll to my reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That as I think is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious Birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?

Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd;
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' book,
Nurſe. Madam, &c.

Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within*, Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon-----
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now old deſire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair for which love groan'd ſore and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in love, her means much leſs
To meet her new beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extream ſweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Rom. CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my couſin *Romeo!*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh,
Speak but one Rhime, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,

One

One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir,
(Young *Abraham* † *Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid ---)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moves not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and in his miſtreſs' name
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone ---
Romeo, good night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jeſts at ſcars that never felt a wound---
But ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and *Juliet* is the ſun!

[Juliet *appears above at a window.*

† This probably, was a name ſtupidly given to *Cupid* in the old ballad here referr'd to of King *Cophetua* and the beggar-maid.

Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief;
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off----
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it----
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:
See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.

Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo, Romeo*---wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou'rt not thy ſelf ſo, though a *Mountague.*
What's *Mountague?* it is not hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face---nor any other part.

What's

What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to my ſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lyes more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have ſpoke----but farewel compliment:
Doſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay, ay,
And I will take thy word---yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: but elſe not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops---
Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?
Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom.

Rom. If my true heart's love----

Jul. Well, do not ſwear----although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay, *It lightens*---ſweet, good night!
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night---as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; dear love, adieu.
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe----Sweet *Mountague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afraid
Being in night all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon---but if thou mean'ſt not well,

I, do beſeech thee ---- [*Within:* Madam.] By and by I come----
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul!
Jul. A thouſand times good-night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo,* hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taſſel-gentle back again---
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo.*
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name;
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My ſweet!
Jul. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,---
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves.
And with a ſilk thread, plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul.

Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay, *Good night*, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly friar's cloſe cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *with a baſket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light,
And darkneſs flecker'd like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way made by *Titan*'s wheels.
Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful grace, that lyes
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,
But to't the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor ought ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from's true birth ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this, being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs; Grace and rude Will:

And

And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue ſo ſweet ſalutes mine ear?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lye;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou aſk it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lyes;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for lo
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine,
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to-day.

Fri.

Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear that is not waſh'd off yet.
If e'er thou waſt thy ſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline.*

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe whom I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. Oh, ſhe knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer.

Mer. Why, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline*, torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run thro' the ear with a love-ſong, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. More than prince of cats *----Oh, he's the couragious captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the, hay!---

Pen. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents:---Jeſu! *a very good blade! ---- a very tall man! ---- a very good whore!* ---- Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench, O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers

* *Tybalt* was the name given to a Cat of whom ſome famous acts were related in old ballads: as *Grimalkin was another.*

that

that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchen-wench; (marry ſhe had a better love to berhyme her) *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gypſie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots; *Thiſbè* a gray eye or ſo: but now to the purpoſe; Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour!* there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* ſlop. *

Rom.

*---to your *French* ſlop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſie.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit---follow me this jeſt, now, 'till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain after the wearing, ſolely-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild gooſe chaſe, I am done; for thou haſt more of the wild gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O here's a wit of chevril, that ſtretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both !

Enter Nurſe and her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear : a ſail ! a ſail !

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmock.

Nurſe. Peter !

Pet. Anon.

Nurſe. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter,* to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den ? fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid : for himſelf to mar, quotha ? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young *Romeo ?*

Rom. I can tell you : but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him : I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well ?
Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Rom. I ſtreteh it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo;* now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature ; for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Nurſe

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! *
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:
Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exe.* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this that was ſo full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An a' ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an a' were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure.

[*To her Man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers.---Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her

*--- So ho!
Rom. What haſt thou found?
Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent.*
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come, &c.

into fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee---

Nurſe. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon,
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Lawrence'* cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay,
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing----O, there is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lief ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you,

you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R.

Nurſe. Ah, mocker? that's the dog's name. R. is not for thee, I know it begins with ſome other letter; and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady--- [*Exit* Romeo.

Nurſe. A thouſand times. *Peter!*

Pet. Anon.

Nurſe. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him---That's not ſo---
Oh, ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve
Are three long hours, yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me;

Enter Nurſe, with Peter.

O God, ſhe comes. What news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.

Jul. Now, good ſweet nurſe----
O Lord. why look'ſt thou ſad?

Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeak----Good nurſe, ſpeak.

Nurſe. Give me ſome *Aqua vitæ.*

Jul. Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo!* no, not he: though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all mens, and for a hand and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſie, but I warrant him as gentle as a lamb----Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God---What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no----but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a t'other ſide----O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I'm ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a virtuous---where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:
Where is your mother!

Nurſe. O God's Lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo*?

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day

Jul. I have.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence'* cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraitway at my news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burthen ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; honeſt nurſe, farewel!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they meet conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good-even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it; then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work,
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and ſervants.*

Ben. I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad.
And if we meet we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and by the operation of a ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs in his beard than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but

ſuch

ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou will tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*----

Mer. Conſort! what, doſt thou make us minſtrels? if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance, Zounds! conſort! [*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us;

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry go firſt to field, he'll be your follower,
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man. *Tyb.*

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore farewel, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good *Capulet*, (which name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ha! la ſtoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, † come, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, † nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haſte, let mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado. [Mercutio *and* Tybalt *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*---beat down their weapons---
Gentlemen----for ſhame forbear this outrage---
Tybalt---*Mercutio*---the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt*---good *Mercutio.* [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt---
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

† See the note p. 36.

Rom.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me to-morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mar. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too---your houſes! [*Exe.* Mer. Ben.

SCENE II.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, has got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftened valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.

Tyb.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This ſhall determine that. [*They fight*, Tybalt *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain---
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE III. *Enter Citizens.*

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio?*
Tybalt that murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt.*

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, *their Wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lyes the man, ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio.*

La. Cap. Tybalt my couſin! O my brother's child!
Unhappy ſight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman---Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Mountague.*

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here ſlain; whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay:
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity

Retorts

Retorts it: *Romeo*, he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*; and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La Mount. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend,
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your heats' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding,
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murthers, pardoning thoſe that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
To *Phœbus'* manſion ; ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night,
That th' run-away's eyes may wink ; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe arms, untalkt of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,
Plaid for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo !* come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back:
Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo,* and when he ſhall die
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it ; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd ; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe!

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news ; and every tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeo's* name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence ;
Now, nurſe, what news ? what haſt thou there ? the cords

That

That *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ah me, what news? why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, Lady, we are undone.---
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. *Romeo* can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowel I, ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſave the mark, here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart!--poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O *Tybalt, Tybalt,* the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt,* honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
Jul. What ſtorm is this that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face,
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven, wolviſh-ravening lamb!
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ* ---
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo!*

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame,
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah poor my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three-hours-wife have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband.
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer up to joy.
My huſband lives that *Tybalt* would have ſlain,
And *Tybalt*'s dead that would have kill'd my huſband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worſer than *Tybalt*'s death,
That murther'd me; I would forget it fain,
But, oh! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners minds;
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed!*
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,

Hath

Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts: Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if ſow'r woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt*'s *dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo is baniſhed --- to ſpeak that word,
Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlain, all dead: --- *Romeo is baniſhed!*
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe found.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?
Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s baniſhment.
Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſow'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.
Rom. What leſs than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay death;

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Than death it ſelf. Do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Hence from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,
But purgatory, torturing hell it ſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. Then baniſhment
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death baniſhment
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that murthers me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is meer mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
O father, hadſt thou no ſtrong poiſon mixt,
No ſharp-ground knife, no preſent means of death,
But baniſhment to torture me withal?
O Friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word baniſhment?
Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy:

To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more----
Fri. O then I ſee that mad-men have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murthered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thy ſelf.
[*Knock within.*
Thou wilt be taken -- ſtay a while -- ſtand up; [*Knock.*
Run to my ſtudy -- By and by -- God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this -- I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Enter Nurſe.
Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's *Romeo?*
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurſe. Oh he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lyes ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up; ſtand an you be a man:
For *Juliet*'s ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:

Why

Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an---

Rom. Oh Nurſe!

Nurſe. Ah Sir, ah Sir! Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My concealed Lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurſe. O ſhe ſays nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murther her, as that name's curſed hand
Murther'd her kinſman. Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion.

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts do note
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thy ſelf?
And ſlay thy Lady too, that lives in thee?
What, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law that threatned death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array,
But, like a miſbehav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love.

Take

Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence, and comfort her:
But look thou ſtay not 'till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy,
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurſe; commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurſe. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all night long,
To hear good counſel: oh, what learning is!
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

Nurſe. Here, Sir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good-night!

Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I --- Well, we were born to die ---
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night.

Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good-night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a ſeparate tender
Of my child's love: I think ſhe will be rul'd

In all reſpects by me, nay, I not doubt it.
But ſoft; what day is this?

Par. *Monday*, my Lord.

Cap. *Monday?* ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* let it be: you ſhall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great a-do --- a friend or two ---
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*

Par. My Lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone --- on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To Lady* Capulet.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord --- light to my chamber, hoa!
Good-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Garden.*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *above at a window; a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.

Rom. Let me then ſtay, let me be ta'en and die;
If thou wilt have it ſo, I am content.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
I'll say it is the Nightingale that beats
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
And not the Lark, the messenger of morn.
Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.
What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so: for she divideth us.
† Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
O now I wot they have chang'd voices too.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. Farewel, my love: one kiss, and I'll descend.

[Romeo *descends*.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your Lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! Lord! ah husband! friend!
I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

† Alluding to the notion of the vulgar because the lark with a sweet pipe hath little ugly eyes, and the toad large and fine eyes but a dismal croaking voice.

Either

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause provokes her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I'm not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. [death,
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder. [*Aside.*
La. Cap. Content thee, girl. If I could find a man,
I soon would send to *Mantua* where he is,
And give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he should soon keep *Tybalt* company.
Jul. Find you the means and I'll find such a man;
For while he lives my heart shall ne'er be light
'Till I behold him ---- dead ---- is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinsman vext.
La. Cap. Well, let that pass.
I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath

Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now by St. *Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be husband comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my Lord, and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. Theſe are news indeed.
La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and *Nurſe*.

Cap. How how? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhowr'ing? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs.
Which raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body----How now, wife,
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would the fool were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud I can never be of what I hate.
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to St. *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what! are you mad?
Jul Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me,
My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us but this only child.
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon---O, god-ye-good-den---
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread, it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeans, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd as they ſay with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer, *I'll not wed---I cannot love,*---

I am too young, --- I pray you, pardon me----
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near, lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i'th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt; for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! O nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
Alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as my ſelf!

Nurſe. 'Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the Count.
Oh, 'faith, he is a lovely gentleman.
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo keen, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?

Nurſe. And from my ſoul,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurſe. To what?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.

Nurſe. Marry I will, and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? go, counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all elſe fail, my ſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

Fri. ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlack his haſte.

Fri. You ſay you do not know the Lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by her ſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.

Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd. [*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the Lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!

Jul.

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer that were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My Lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion!
Juliet, farewel, and keep this holy kiſs! [*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know your grief;
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel, or behold
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Speak now, be brief; for I deſire to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſp'rate which we would prevent,
If rather than to marry County *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength or will to ſlay thy ſelf,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame
That copes with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it.
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top.
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, *Juliet*: hye thee home, get thee to bed:
(Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber:)
And when thou art alone, take thou this vial,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſie humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep

His

His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtify thou liveſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; the eyes windows fall
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou ſhalt be born to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
If no unconſtant toy nor womaniſh fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell not me of fear.
[*Taking the vial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father---- [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. †

† ---- twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much &c.

We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See where ſhe comes from her confeſſion.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your beheſts; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence,* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence'* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be; let me ſee the County:
Ay, marry, go I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday,* there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet,* help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſewife for this once,---What ho!

They

They are all forth; well, I will walk myſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt* Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

SCENE III. Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. Ay, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee leave me to my ſelf to-night:
For I have need of many oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt is croſs and full of ſin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſie, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good-night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Farewel---God knows when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills thro' my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe!---what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
Come, vial.
---What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lye thou there-----

[*Pointing to a dagger.*

What if it be a poiſon, which the Friar
Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead.
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear it is; and yet methinks it ſhould not.

For

For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man.---
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in?
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lyes feſt'ring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort---)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad---
Oh! if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
(Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,)
And madly play with my fore-fathers joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*---Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE IV. Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. Hold, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock:

Look

Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cotquean, go;
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.

[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe*.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood----
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baſkets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte, ſirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Maſs and well ſaid, a merry whorſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be logger-head---good faith, 'tis day.
The County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near. [*Play Muſick*.
Nurſe!---wife!---what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, I ſay. [*Exeunt* Capulet *and Nurſe ſeverally*.

SCENE V. Juliet's *Chamber*.

Juliet *on a bed, Enter Nurſe*.

Nurſe. Miſtreſs! what, miſtreſs! *Juliet*---Faſt, I warrant her;
Why, lamb---why, Lady---Fie, you ſlug-a-bed---
Why, love, I ſay---Madam, ſweet-heart---why, bride---
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little---God forgive me---
Marry and amen---How ſound is ſhe aſleep!

I muſt

I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed ---
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What, dreſt, and in your cloaths,---and down again?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady---
Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my Lord, my Lady:

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurſe. Look,---oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceaſt, ſhe's dead! alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her--- Out alas, ſhe's cold.
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff,
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lyes on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before the wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lyes,
Flower as ſhe was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law ---
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?
La. Cap. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my ſight.

Nurſe. Oh woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day! oh woful day!

Fri. Oh peace for ſhame---your daughter lives in peace
And happineſs, and it is vain to wiſh
It otherwiſe. Heav'n and yourſelf had part
In this fair maid, now heaven hath her all---
Come ſtick your roſemary on this fair corpſe,
And, as the cuſtom of our country is,
In all her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments
Convey her where her anceſtors lye tomb'd.

Cap. All things that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a ſad burial feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
And bridal flow'rs ſerve for a buried coarſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Manent Muſicians and Nurſe.*

Muſ. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful caſe. [*Exit Nurſe.*

Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe:* oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's eaſe.*

Muſ. Why *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. Oh muſicians, becauſe my heart it ſelf plays *my heart is full of woe.* O play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith; I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note *us.*

2 *Muſ.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit, anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſick with her ſilver ſound -----

Why *ſilver ſound?* why *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

Muſ. Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay *ſilver ſound,* becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, *Samuel Sound-Board?*

3 *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger,* I will *ſay* for you. It is *muſick with her ſilver ſound,* becauſe ſuch fellows as you have no gold for ſounding. [*Exeunt.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack!* come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA. *Enter* Romeo.

IF I may truſt the flattery of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's lord ſits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love it ſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from *Verona* --- How now, *Balthaſar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?

How

How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* that I aſk again,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.
Bal. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulet*'s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news.
Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, ſtars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to-night.
Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Bal. No, good my Lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes, I'll be with thee ſtraight. [*Exit* Bal.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to-night;
Let's ſee for means---O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men.
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes, and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poiſon now,

Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?

Rom. Come hither, man, I ſee that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,
As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worſe poiſon to mens ſouls,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh.
Come, cordial, and not poiſon, go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Monaſtery at* Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*---
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*

John. I could not ſend it; here it is again;
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee.
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, † but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it.

Law. Now muſt I to the monument alone:
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and ſtand aloof.

† By *nice* here is meant *thin, ſlight, of little ſubſtance.*

Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee: go.

Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew:
[*Strewing flowers.*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb. [*The Boy whiſtles.*
---The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach,---
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,

More

More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
Live and be prosp'rous, and farewel, good fellow!
Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Balthasar *retires.*
Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the monument.*
And in despight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that banish'd haughty *Mountague*
That murther'd my love's cousin; (with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature dy'd,)
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague:*
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither ---
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man,
Fly hence and leave me: think upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than my self;
For I come hither arm'd against my self.
Par. I do defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight,* Paris *falls.*
Page. [*Without.*] Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call
Par. Oh I am slain; if thou be merciful, [the Watch.
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruse this face ---
Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County *Paris!*

What

What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet*.
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
For here lyes *Juliet*---Oh my love, my wife!
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin.---Ah dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come, unſavoury guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick weary bark:
Here's to my love! oh true apothecary! [*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed, how oft to-night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets* monument,

Bal. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death.
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what, *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.

Jul. [*Awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo?*

Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;

A greater Power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too---Come, I'll dispose of thee,
Among a sisterhood of holy Nuns;
Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand:
Poison I see hath been his timeless end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them;
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy; which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die. [*Kills herself.*

Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search the church-yard, about;
Go some of you, whome'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*

Pitiful sight! here lyes the County slain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raise up the *Mountagues*, some others search---

Enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Friar and a third Watchman.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the Friar too.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet *and Lady* Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry, tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* slain.
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo*'s man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh heav'n! oh wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, for lo the sheath
Lyes empty on the back of *Mountague*,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Mountague.

Prince. Come, *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fallen.

Moun. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,

And

And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Do make againſt me, of this direful murther;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelf condemned, and myſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtol'n marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or in my cell there would ſhe kill her ſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I write to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident, and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome minutes ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay

The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe too deſp'rate would not go with me,
But, as it ſeems, did violence on herſelf.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: but if ought in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay to this?

Bal. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He cāme with flowers to ſtrew his Lady's grave.
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my maſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Mountague!*
See what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,

This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold,
That while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his lady lye;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The ſun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

HAMLET,

PRINCE of *DENMARK*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of* Norway.
HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present, King.*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *Friend to* Hamlet.
LAERTES, *Son to* Polonius.
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSINCROSSE,
GUILDENSTERN, } *Courtiers.*
OSRICK, *a Fop.*
MARCELLUS, *an Officer.*
BERNARDO, } *two Soldiers.*
FRANCISCO, }
REYNOLDO, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

GERTRUDE, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
OPHELIA, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *ELSINOOR.*

This ſtory is taken from the Daniſh *Hiſtory written by* Saxo Grammaticus.

HAM-

HAMLET, *Prince of* Denmark.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

Ber. WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer *me*: ſtand and unfold your ſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve, get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals † of my watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane.*

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. Oh farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?

† By *rivals of my watch* are meant thoſe who were to watch upon the next adjoyning ground. *Rivals* in the original ſenſe of the word were proprietors of neighbouring lands parted only by a brook belonging equally to both.

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good-night.
[*Exit* Francisco.

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo!*

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our phantasie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story.

Mar. What we have two nights seen ---

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t' illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The bell then beating *One* ---

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,

In

In which the majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? by Heav'n I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange---
Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.
Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubjects of the land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I,
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,

(Thereto

(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: in whch our valiant *Hamlet*
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law of heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher, as by that cov'nant
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and dyet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was, and is the queſtion of theſe wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and † palmy ſtate of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets,
Stars ſhone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun, and the moiſt ſtar

† *Palmy* for *victorious*.

Upon

Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doom's-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen'd coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!---
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak--Stop it, *Marcellus*--

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Ber. 'Tis here---

Hor. 'Tis here---

Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,

Whether

Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn in ruſſet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill;
Break we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,

With

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along; (for all, our thanks!)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our ſtate to be disjoint and out of frame;
Collogued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe, to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his ſubjects; and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you, *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
Of treaty with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The blood is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,

Than

Than to the Throne of *Denmark* is thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *France:*
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius?*

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and at the laſt
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon---

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind †.

King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my Lord, I am too much i' th' ſun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark.*
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that live muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems:*
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,

† It is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that this was a proverbial expreſſion known in former times for a Relation ſo blended and confuſed that it was hard to define it.

Together

Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhow:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father,
That father his, and the ſurviver bound
In filial obligation for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theam
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This unavailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with't no leſs nobility of love,
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrogade to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet*:
I pr'ythee ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark.* Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling at my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell it;
And the King's rowſe the heavens ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeun*

SCENE III. *Manet* Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve it ſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! Oh God! oh God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world?
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature
Poſſeſs it meerly. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two,--
So excellent a King, that was to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember?--why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a month!--
Let me not think -- Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month!--or e'er thoſe ſhoes were old
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears -- Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe,--
Oh heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would have mourn'd longer -- married with mine uncle
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules.* Within a month!--
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt

With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordſhip!

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio, or I do forget myſelf.

Hor. The ſame, my Lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg, Horatio?*
Marcellus!---

Mar. My good Lord---

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good morning, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt your ſelf. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think it was to ſee my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio:* the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*
My father---methinks I ſee my father.

Hor. Oh where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*

Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heav'n's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
It ſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know it.

Ham.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you.
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh yes, my Lord, he wore his bever up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell it ſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befall to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: ſo, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.
All. Our duty to your honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewel.

My father's ſpirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt ſome foul play: would the night were come;
'Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: foul deeds will riſe,
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to mens eyes. [*Ex.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; tho' ſweet, not laſting;
The perfume, and ſuppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature creſcent does not grow alone
In thewes and bulk; but as the temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no ſoil nor cautel doth beſmirch
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſanity and health of the whole ſtate:
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he's head. Then if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.

Then

Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs,
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lyes in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilſt like a puft and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Polonius.

I ſtay too long;---but here my father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* get aboard for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for. There---my bleſſing with you;
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of

Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in
Bear't that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go; your ſervants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me
And that in way of caution) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted

Unfifted in fuch perilous circumftance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I fhould think.
Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your felf a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not fterling. Tender your felf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrafe,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his fpeech, my Lord,
With almoft all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, fpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the foul
Lends the tongue vows. Thefe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
Ev'n in their promife as it is a making,
You muft not take for fire. From this time,
Be fomewhat fcanter of your maiden prefence,
Set your intreatments † at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe fo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their inveſtments fhew,
But meer implorers of unholy fuits,
Breathing like fanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you fo ſlander any moment's leifure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.
Oph. I fhall obey, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

† Intreatments *is the fame as* Treatments, *and fignifies here*, the manner of your being treated by him.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is ſtruck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring upſtart reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuſtom?

Ham. Ay, marry is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance. †

Enter

† *Theſe* 20 *lines following are in the firſt edition, but ſince left out, perhaps as being thought too verboſe.*

This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery or fortune's ſtar)
Their virtues elſe be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,

Shall

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable † ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane:* oh! anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead coarſe, again in compleat ſteel
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and us fools of nature,
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And for my ſoul, what can it do to that,

Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault.---
Enter Ghoſt, &c.

† *By* queſtionable *is meant*, inviting queſtion, provoking queſtion.

Being

Being a thing immortal as itſelf ?
It waves me forth again.---I'll follow it---
Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord ?
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea ;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprave your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs ? think of it.
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain
That looks ſo many fadoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill : go on, I'll follow thee---
Mar. You ſhall not go, my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve :
Still am I call'd ? unhand me, gentlemen---
[*Breaking from them.*
By heav'n I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me---
I ſay, away---go on----I'll follow thee---
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after. To what iſſue will this come ?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of *Denmark.*
Hor. Heav'n will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me ? ſpeak ; I'll go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.

Ham.

Ham. Alas poor Ghoſt!

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy Father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires;
'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love---

Ham. Oh heav'n!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe nat'ral gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage---
But ſoft, methinks I ſcent the morning air---
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always in the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and alleys of the body;
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,

Unhouſel'd,

Unhouſel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible! oh horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? oh hold, my heart----
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtiffly up; remember thee---
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe; remember thee----
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baſer matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,----meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in *Denmark.* [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me:*
I've ſworn it----

SCENE IX. *Enter* Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord!

Mar. Lord *Hamlet!*
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, † come.
Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?
Hor. What news, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderful!
Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret?
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he is an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you,
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. *Patriek*, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here----
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter't as you may. And now, good friends,

† This is the Call which Falconers uſe to their Hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them.

As

As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my Lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We've ſworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.*
Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe the oath, my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i'th' ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in our philoſophy.
But come,
Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy,
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear my ſelf,
(As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,

With arms encumbred thus, or this head ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well---we know---or, we could, an if we would---
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak---or, there be, an if there might---
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, denote
That you know aught of me; this do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit. So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t' expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in:
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray.
The time is out of joint; oh curſed ſpight,
That ever I was born to ſet it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

Pol. GIVE him this mony, and theſe notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well ſaid, very well ſaid. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danſkers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus---I know his father and his friends,
And in part him---Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*

Rey.

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.
Pol. And in part him---but you may ſay---not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo---and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my Lord---
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing.---You may go ſo far.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put an utter ſcandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good Lord---
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converſe, him you would ſound;
Having ever ſeen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you ſpeak of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good Sir, or Sir, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my Lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does---what was I about to ſay?

I was about to ſay ſomething, where did I leave?---
Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence---Ay marry,
He cloſes thus. I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch, and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowſe,
There falling out at tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or ſo forth.---See you now;
Your bait of falſhood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord, I have.
Pol. God b' w' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my Lord---
Pol. Obſerve his inclination e'en your ſelf.
Rey. I ſhall, my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his muſick.
Rey. Well, my Lord. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?
Oph. My lord, as I was ſowing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me,
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My Lord, I do not know:
But truly I do fear it.

Pol,

Pol. What ſaid he?

Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtaſie of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord? but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he trifled
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſie!
It ſeems it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come, go we to the King.
This muſt be known, which being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide hate, than to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *Lords and other Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear *Roſincroſſe* and *Guildenſtern!*
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need we have to uſe you did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our Court
Some little time, ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from occaſions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lyes within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you:
And ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might by the ſovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincroſſe* and gentle *Guildenſtern.*

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern* and gentle *Roſincroſſe*;

And

And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.

King. Oh ſpeak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors.
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.

King. Thy ſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* Polonius.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway?*

Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack:*
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs. Whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely born in hand, ſends out arreſts

On

On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee,
And his commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack:*
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
And think upon an anſwer to this buſineſs.
Mean time we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your reſt, at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Exeunt Ambaſ.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief; your noble ſon is mad,
Mad call I it; for to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear I uſe no art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity it is, 'tis true; a fooliſh figure,
But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;

For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe ;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus,
Perpend ----
I have a daughter ; have, whilſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this ; now gather, and ſurmiſe.
[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]
To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia. That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, *beautified* is a vile phraſe ; but you ſhall hear---*Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe*---

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her ?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers* ; *I have not art to reckon my groans* ; *but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſollicitings
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think ?
When I had ſeen his hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think ?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight,
What might you think ? no, I went round to work,

And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be; and then I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice,
And he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and by this declenſion
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, *'tis ſo*,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe;
[*Pointing to his head and body.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know ſometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fall'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE V. *Enter* Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But look where, ſadly, the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.

I'll

I'll board him presently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*
Oh give me leave: how does my good Lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, Being a God kissing carrion----
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' sun; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter--
Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger.
He is far gone; and truly in my youth, [*Aside.*
I suffer'd much extremity for love;
Very near this. I'll speak to him again.
What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satyrical slave says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plumb-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down: for, your self, Sir, shall be but as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't:
Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' air:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek Lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear Lord! [*denſtern?*

Ham. My excellent good friends! how doſt thou, *Guil-*. Oh, *Roſincroſſe!* good lads, how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhoe.

Roſ. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my Lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord!

Ham.

Ham. *Denmark*'s a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my Lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is meerly the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes the beggars ſhadows; Shall we to th' Court? for by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinoor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my Lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me; nor woman neither, tho' by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, *man delights not me?*

Roſ. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target; the lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*;

the

the humourous man ſhall end his part in peace; and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What Players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an † Aiery of children, little eyas's, that cry out on the top of queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages (ſo they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they eſcoted? will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Roſ. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarr them on to controverſie. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

† Relating to the playhouſes then contending, the *Bankſide*, the *Fortune*, &c.---play'd by the Children of his Majeſty's chapel.

Ham.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out.

[*Flouriſh for the Players.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*; your hands, come then; the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony, let me complement with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a hernſhaw.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling clouts.

Roſ. Haply he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſie, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it;---you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you. When *Roſcius* was an actor in *Rome*----

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine honour----

Ham. Then came each actor on his aſs----

Pol. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, ſcene undividable, or poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot

cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light: for the law of wit and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha, judge of Israel,* what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. *Why one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha,* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*---and then you know, *it came to pass, as most like it was*; the first row of the Pont-chansons † will shew you more. For look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, masters, welcome all: I am glad to see you well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What, my young Lady and mistress? berlady, your Ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.---Masters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like *French* faulconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose

† *Pont chansons* is the *French* word for Street-ballads, to some collection of which *Hamlet* refers *Polonius* after repeating some scraps of rhymes out of them.

judgment

judgment in ſuch matters cryed in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affectation, but call'd it an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas'* tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee---The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt---It is not ſo---it is not ſo---- it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe ſable arms
Black as his purpoſe did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complection ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching fires,
Thot lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murthers vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at *Greeks*. His antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lyes where it falls
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe, and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus'* ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head

Of

Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' air to ſtick:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: ſo after *Pyrrhus'* pauſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new a-work,
And never did the *Cyclops'* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune! all you Gods,
In general ſynod take away her power!
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, oh, who had ſeen the mobled Queen,--

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem ſtood, and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)

Would

Would have made melt the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſioned the Gods.

Pol. Look if he has not turn'd his colour, and has not tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my Lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't; could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor.*

Roſ. Good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Manet* Hamlet.

Ham. Ay ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.
Oh what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing;

For

For *Hecuba:*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears. ---
Yet I ſay nothing; no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lie i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it --- for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab ---
A cullion! --- fye upon't! about, my brain! ---
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen

May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

King. AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Moſt free of queſtion, but to our demands
Niggard in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him unto any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'ertook on the way; of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me

To

To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my self,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet*'s wildness. So I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves: --- read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. Oh it is but too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience! [*Aside.*
The harlot's cheek beautied with plaist'ring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

SCENE II. *Enter* Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question --
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer

The ſlings and arrows of outragious fortune ;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles †,
And by oppoſing end them. -- To die -- to ſleep --
No more ; and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ache and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to ; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die -- to ſleep --
To ſleep -- perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub --
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes ;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe borne,
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all :
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought ;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And loſe the name of action.--Soft you now, [*Seeing* Oph,
The fair *Ophelia !* nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred !

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

† Inſtead of *a ſea of troubles* perhaps *Shakeſpear* wrote *aſſailing troubles*, which would preſerve a propriety in the metaphor.

Oph.

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed much to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My Lord--

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us -- Go thy ways to a nunnery -- Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny -- Get thee to a nunnery -- farewel -- Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them -- To a nunnery, go -- and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers! reſtore him.

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make yourſelf another. You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſcholar's, ſoldier's, eye, tongue, ſword,
Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſie. Oh woe is me,
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee!

SCENE III. *Enter King and* Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which how to prevent,

I have

I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the ſeas and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe?
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the ſpeech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus; but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'erdoing termagant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour,

Ham.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo over-done is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this over-done or come tardy off though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of one of which, muſt in your allowance o'erſway a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of chriſtian, nor the gate of chriſtian, pagan, or man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh reform it altogether. And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too, though in the mean time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: That's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincroſſe, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.

Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Ham. What ho! *Horatio!*

Hor. Here, ſweet Lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man

As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor.

Hor. Oh my dear Lord ---

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.--Something too much of this.--
There is a play to night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not it ſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan*'s ſmithy. Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.
If he ſteal aught the whilſt this play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *and other Lords attendant, with a Guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *march. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now, my Lord. You plaid once i' th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord,

Ham. Oh God, your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? for look you how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours.

Oph.

Oph. Nay, 'tis two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of ermyn. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but by'r lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe; whoſe epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

SCENE VII.

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, with regal coronets, very lovingly; the Dutcheſs embracing him, and he her. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his coronet, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the Duke's ears, and Exit. *The Dutcheſs returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes come in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Dutcheſs with gifts, ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is miching *Malicho*, that means, miſchief.

Oph. Belike this ſhew imports the argument of the play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counſel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this ſhew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſie of a ring?
Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.
Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* car gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have times twelve thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.
Dutch. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my Lord, it nothing muſt:
And womens fear and love hold quantity,
'Tis either none, or in extremity;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.
Duke. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou --
Dutch. Oh confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!
Dutch. The inſtances that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.
Duke. I do believe you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:

Which

Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget,
To pay our ſelves what to our ſelves is debt:
What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy:
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, and 'tis not ſtrange
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love fortune lead, or fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;
The poor, advanc'd, makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth oh! give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night;
Each oppoſite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now --

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; ſweet, leave me here a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The Lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-trap.* Marry how? tropically. This play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of work; but what o' that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love; if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still worſe and worſe.

Ham. So moſt of you take huſbands.
Begin, murtherer. Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing: [agreeing:
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecate*'s bane thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thou natural magick, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poiſon in his ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i' th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian.* You ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire?

Queen.

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Manent* Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. *Why, let the stricken deer go weep,*
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. Ay, a whole one.

For thou dost know, oh Damon *dear,*
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove *himself, and now reigns here*
A very very paddock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincrosse *and* Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, some musick. Come, the recorders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, Sir, ---

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd ---

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich to sig-

nifie this to his doctor: for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhall command; or rather, as you ſay, my mother: therefore no more but to the matter --- my mother, you ſay.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do ſurely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows* -- the proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter

Enter one with a Recorder.

Oh, the recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you -- why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery, you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why do you think that I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſs you, Sir!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an *Ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by: ---- they fool me to the top of my bent. ---- I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exe.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother --
Oh heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King, Rosincrosse, *and* Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you?
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will provide our selves;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe, that live
And feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep it self from 'noyance; but much more,
That spirit, on whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,

Each

Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh, but with a general groan.
King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my ſelf
To hear the proceſs. I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home.
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother,
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*
King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brother's murther.--Pray alas! I cannot:
Though inclination be as ſharp as 'twill,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than it ſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up.
My fault is paſt. But oh what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? *Forgive me my foul murther!*
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above;
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lyes
In his true nature, we our ſelves compell'd
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can aught, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and heart with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King kneels.*

SCENE X. *Enter* Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't -- and ſo he goes to heav'n,
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd, --
A villain kills my father; and for that
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n -- O this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heav'n?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid bent:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n,
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*
King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight; look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll 'ſconce † me even here;
Pray you be round with him.
Queen. I'll warrant you,
Fear me not: you withdraw, I hear him coming.
[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife,
And (would it were not ſo) you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not [budge;
You go not 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, ho!
Pol. What ho, help! [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlain. [Hamlet *kills* Polonius.

† *'Sconce* the ſame as *inſconce:* that is, to *cover* or *ſecure.* The ſame word is uſed upon the like occaſion in *The merry wives of* Windſor *p.* 234. *I will inſconce me behind the Arras.*

Queen.

Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel, [*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſie is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers oaths. O ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction † plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of *Jove* himſelf;
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command;

† By *contraction* here is meant the ſame thing as we underſtand now by *contract*: namely, a ſolemn promiſe or ingagement.

A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This *was* your huſband.--Look you now what follows,
Here *is* your huſband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blaſting his wholſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? what devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious heat,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge,
Since froſt it ſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon panders will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty ---

Queen. Oh ſpeak no more,
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer and a villain!
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A cutpurſe of the empire and the rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole

And put it in his pocket.

Queen. Oh! no more,

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A king of ſhreds and patches---.
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings, [*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O ſay.---

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to wet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements, †
Start up and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!---look you how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

† In this Author the Hair is often call'd an excrement.

Queen.

Queen. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes ev'n now out at the portal. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation Ecſtaſie
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What ecſtaſie?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilſt rank corruption mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs your ſelf to heav'n,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive this my virtue,
For in the fatneſs of theſe purſie times,
Virtue it ſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, courb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this
That to the uſe of actions fair and good,
He likewiſe gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next more eaſie;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter ev'n the devil, or throw him out

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but the heavens have pleas'd it so
To punish him with me, and me with this
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so again, good night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.
Let the fond King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch-wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despight of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and like the famous ape
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that.

Queen. Alack, I had forgot, 'tis so concluded.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,
(Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,)
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery: let it work,
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist

Hoiſt with his own petar: and't ſhall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O 'tis moſt ſweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night! Indeed this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother! [*Exeunt* Hamlet *tugging out* Pol.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen.

King. THERE's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate, 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to-night!

King. What, *Gertrude?* how does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews it ſelf pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O *Gertrude*, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenancé, and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you haſte in this.

[*Exeunt* Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed----

Roſ. and Guil. within. Hamlet! Lord *Hamlet!*

Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh here they come.

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.

Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Roſ. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the king's countenance, his

his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape, * in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, spunge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is nothing.

Guil. Nothing, my Lord?

Ham. A thing or nothing bring me to him; hide fox and all after. † [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter King.*

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th' offenders scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desp'rate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrosse.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King.

* It is the way of Monkeys in eating to throw that part of their food which they take up first into a pouch they are provided with on the side of their jaw, and there they keep it 'till they have done with the rest.

† There is a Play among children call'd *Hide Fox and all after*

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper, where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place your ſelf. But indeed, if you find him not this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; then prepare thy ſelf,
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub that ſees them; but come, for *England!* farewel, dear mother!

King.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for *England!* [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair; pray you make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'ſt not coldly ſet by
Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it, *England:*
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras *with an Army.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the *Daniſh* King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm. You know the rendevouz.
If that his Majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras, *with the Army.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſincroſſe, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt.

Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.
Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?
Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats---five---I would not farm it,
Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
Ham. Why then the *Polack* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and many thouſand ducats
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my Lord?
Ham. I'll be with you, go a little before. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples groſs as earth exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puft

Makes

Makes mouths at the inviſible event,
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood)
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a ſpot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Palace.*

Enter Queen, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not ſpeak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays ſhe hears
There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws, ſpeaks things in doubt
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought;
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in--- [*Exit Gent.*
To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs;

So

So full of artleſs jealouſie is guilt,
It ſpills it ſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*

Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon? [Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet Lady; what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.
He's dead and gone, Lady, he's dead and gone,
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*---

Oph. Pray you mark.
White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. *Larded with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love ſhowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, Godild you. They ſay the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you what it means, ſay you this:
To-morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine. [*door;*
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and op'd the chamber-
Let in a maid, but out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed? without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity;
Alack, and fie for ſhame,
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock they are to blame.

Quoth

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach; good-night, Ladies; good-night, sweet Ladies; good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you; This is the poison of deep grief, it springs All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!* When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. First, her father slain, Next your son gone, and he most violent author Of his own just remove; the people muddied, Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers, For good *Polonius'* death. We've done but greenly, In private to interr him; poor *Ophelia* Divided from her self, and her fair judgment, (Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:) Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from *France*, Feeds on his anger, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father's death; Whence animosity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our persons to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this, Like to a murdering piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. [*A Noise within.*

SCENE VI. *Enter a Messenger.*

King. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door, What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord.
The ocean over-peering of his list

Eats

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
(Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known)
They cry, *chuſe we* Laertes *for our King*:
The ratifiers and props of every word
Caps, hands, and ſhouts, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes *ſhall be King*, Laertes *King*.

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry!
Oh this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs. [*Noiſe within*.

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*. [baſtard,

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
Crys cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes*,
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Act little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead! I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the black devil!

Conſcience

Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world's.
And for my means, I'll husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.
King. Good *Laertes*,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, in your revenge
(That ſweep-ſtake) will you draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſibly in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noiſe within,* Let her come in.
Laer. How now? what noiſe is that?

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws amd flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heaven's, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love remember; and there's pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o'*Sundays*: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daſie; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away moan,
Gramercy on his ſoul!

And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth;
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, *with an Attendant.*

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir; they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Ser.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' Ambassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

Horatio, *when thou shalt have over-look'd this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have*

ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am. Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for theſe your letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter King and* Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up.

King. Two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for my ſelf,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which)
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So my arrows
Too ſlightly timber'd for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections---But revenge will come,

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine---

Enter Messenger.

Mes. These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my Lord, they say, I saw them not.
They were giv'n me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them: leave us, all---

[*Exit Messenger.*

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount th' occasion of my sudden return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse---and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked, and in a postscript here, he says
Alone: can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord: but let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live to tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*,
As how should it be so? --- how otherwise? ---
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſs. Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've ſeen my ſelf, and ſerv'd againſt, the *French*,
And they can well on horſeback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*

King. The very ſame.

Laer.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you.
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this ----
Laer. What out of this, my Lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aſk you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or ſnuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs growing to a plethory,
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer -----
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew yourſelf your father's ſon indeed,
More than in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.
King. No place indeed ſhould murder ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;

Hamlet

Hamlet return'd ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a paſs of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit it to our ſhape. If this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof. Soft --- let me ſee---
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't --- when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to th' end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there. How now, ſweet Queen?

SCENE X. *Enter Queen.*

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So faſt they follow: your ſiſter's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen.

Queen. There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſie ſtream:
There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daiſies, and long purples
That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her ſelf
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my Lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again,
Therefore let's follow. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 *Clown.* IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.*

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore make her grave ſtraight, the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point; if I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches. It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lyes the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf; it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay marry is't, crowner's queſt law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than other chriſtians. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? the ſcripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf----

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker, for that frame out-lives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal,* the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhip-wright, or a carpenter?---

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay a grave-maker. The houſes he makes, laſt 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Youghan,* fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh methought there was nothing ſo meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into his land,
As if I ne'er had been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were

were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! this might be the pate of a politician which this aſs o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, *Good-morrow, ſweet Lord; how doſt thou, good Lord?* this might be my Lord ſuch a one's, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s, chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For, --- and a ſhrowding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins!

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance

in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: who's grave's this, ſirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir ---

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay 'tis thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lieſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is! we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will follow us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark.* I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flagon of rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath born me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my Lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that---- Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham.

Ham. Doſt thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? puh! [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar* dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft a while --- here comes the King.

SCENE II. *Enter King, Queen,* Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords and Prieſts attendant.*

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe they follow did with deſperate hand
Fore-do its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark ---

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
'Till the laſt trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles, ſhou'd be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou ly'ſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*

Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd thou would'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus.*

Ham. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wand'ring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*

Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat---
For though I am not ſplenetive and raſh,

Yet

Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder---
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet---
Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet. [*The Attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O he is mad, *Laertes.*
Queen. For love of God forbear him.
Ham. Come ſhew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thyſelf?
Woo't drink up *Nile?* woo't eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Doſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madneſs;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, Sir---
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter---
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
[*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech. [*To* La.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.

Good *Gertrude*, ſet ſome watch over your ſon.
This grave ſhall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A* Hall *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought I lay
Worſe than the mutineers in bilboes; raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making ſo bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
(With ho! ſuch buggs and goblins in my life,)
That on the ſupervize, no leiſure bated
No not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains, and
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,

They

They having begun the play ; I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair :
(I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair ; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice ;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coujuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a cement, 'tween their amities,
And many ſuch like *As*'s of great charge ;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
No ſhriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd ?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant ;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal :
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The change was never known : now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincroſſe* go to't.

Ham. They are not near my conſcience ; their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous when baſer natures come
Between the paſs and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this !

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

And with ſuch cozenage ; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm ? is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort. The *interim* is mine,
And a man's life's no more than to ſay, *one*.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelf ;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The portraiture of his ; I'll court his favour :
But ſure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here ?

SCENE IV. *Enter* Oſrick.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to know him : he hath much land, and fertile ; let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſſe ; 'tis a chough ; but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit ; put your bonnet to his right uſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very ſultry, and hot for my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how : --- My Lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter---

Ham. I beſeech you, remember---

Oſr.

Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith: --- Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, or ſo: three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides: I would it might be hangers 'till then. But on; ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the *French* bett againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits: He hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Oſr. I mean, my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham.

Ham. Your's, your's; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did complement with his dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he and many more of the ſame breed that I know the droſſy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fann'd and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majeſty commended him to you by young *Oſrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart---but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all. Since

no

no man owes aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and Lords, with other Attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet,* come, and take this hand from me.

[*Gives him the hand of* Laertes.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punished with sore distraction.
What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils: come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill ſhall like a ſtar i' th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick.*
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your grace hath laid upon the weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well: theſe foils have all a length? [*Prepares to play.*

Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the cup an † Union ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One---

Laer. No---

Ham. Judgment.

Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well---again---

King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this pearl is thine,

† Union hath been a name in all times given to one of the richeſt ſorts of Pearls. See *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.*

Here's

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets ſound, Shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while. [*They play.*
Come---another hit---what ſay you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam,---

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me. [*Drinks.*

King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*Aſide.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience. [*Aſide.*

Ham. Come, for the third; *Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you paſs with your beſt violence,
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*

Oſr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet, *then in ſcuffling they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again---

Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is it, my Lord?

Oſr. How is't, *Laertes?*

Laer. Why, as a woodcock in my own ſprindge, *Oſrick*,
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink---
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink, ---
I am poiſon'd---- [*Queen dies.*

Ham. O villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out----
Laer. It is here. *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to riſe again; thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more--- the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then, venom, do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) oh I could tell you ---
But let it be----*Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hor. Never; believe it:
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?

If

If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

SCENE VI. *Enter* Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the ambaſſador of *England* gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio:*
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit,
I cannot live to hear the news from *England.*
But I do propheſie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited.---The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, ſweet Prince;
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt! [Prince;
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſador, with drum, colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries out, havock! Oh proud death,
What feaſt is tow'rd in thine eternal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late;
The ears are ſenſeleſs that ſhould give us hearing.
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincroſſe* and *Guildenſtern* are dead,
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo full upon this bloody queſtion,

You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Ev'n while men's minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a ſoldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,
The ſoldiers muſick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him!
Take up the body: ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt marching; after which a peal of ordnance is ſhot off.*

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of *VENICE.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE *of* VENICE.
BRABANTIO, *a noble* Venetian.
GRATIANO, *Brother to* Brabantio.
LODOVICO, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
OTHELLO, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant-General.*
IAGO *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
RODORIGO, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in love with* Deſdemona.
MONTANO, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
ÆMILIA, *Wife to* Iago.
BIANCA, *a Courtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, and Attendants.

SCENE *for the Firſt Act in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play in* Cyprus.

The Story is taken from Cynthio's *Novels.*

OTHELLO, *the Moor of* Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of [this---

Iago. But you'll not hear me,
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter,
Abhor me then.

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold
Him in thy hate.

Iago. Deſpiſe me if I do not.
Three great ones of the city, in perſonal ſuit
To make me his lieutenant, oft' capt to him:
And, by the faith of man, I know my price,
I'm worth no worſe a place. But he, as loving
His pride and purpoſes, evades them with
A bumbaſt circumſtance, horribly ſtuft
With epithets of war; and in concluſion
Non-ſuits my mediators; *Certes*, ſays he,
I have already choſe my officer.
And what was he?
Forſooth a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a *Florentine*, *
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair phyz; †

That

* It is plain from many other paſſages in the Play (rightly underſtood) that *Caſſio* was a *Florentine* and *Iago* a *Venetian*.

† In all the former editions this hath been printed *a fair wife*, but ſurely it muſt from the beginning have been a miſtake, becauſe it appears

That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battel knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorique,
Wherein the tongued conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip---he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds,
Chriſtian and heathen, muſt be belee'd and calm'd
By *Debtor*, and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caſter*.
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, God bleſs the mark! his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge your ſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender, and when old, 's caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves---Others there are
Who trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their Lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,

appears from a following part in the Play that *Caſſio* was an unmarried man: on the other hand his Beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for other rough ſoldiers to treat with ſcorn and ridicule.

And

And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelf.
Heav'n is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern; 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight.
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen.
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, a fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Enter Brabantio *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame put on your gown,
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;

Ev'n

Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.

Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?

Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*

Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter s not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir----

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice:*
My houſe is not a grange.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio,*
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you, you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter
Be at this odd even and dull watch o'th' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor;
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſawcy wrongs:
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper---call up all my people,---
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light! [*Exit* Bra. *from above.*

Iago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the ſtate,
However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus* wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,

I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love,
Which is indeed but ſign. That you may find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Brabantio *in his night-gown, and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time;
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou! who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought---What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers----
Raiſe all my Kindred---are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brothers; oh would you had had her!
Some one way, ſome another---Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Street before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with torches.*

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murther: I lack iniquity

Sometimes

Sometimes to do me ſervice.---Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour,
That with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May ſpeak, e'en bonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition,
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea's worth. But look what lights come yonder?

SCENE V. *Enter* Caſſio *with torches.*

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.
My part, my title, and my perfect ſoul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Janus*, I think no.
Oth. The ſervants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Caſ. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the counſel, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The ſenate ſent above three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry to---Come, captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with Officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio*; General, be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief. [*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you---

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.
Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound;
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthieſt cull'd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That waken motion: I'll have't diſputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, 'till
Fit time of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him?

Offi. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The Duke's in council, and your noble ſelf
I'm ſure is ſent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;

Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves and pagans ſhall our ſtateſmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Senate houſe.*

Duke and Senators, ſet at a table with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred;
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence,) yet they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful ſenſe.

Sailor within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Offi. A meſſenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now!--what's the buſineſs?

Sail. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the ſtate.

Duke. How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our ſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,

We

We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt,
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes.*

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet ---

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?

Meſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward *Cyprus.* Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*,

Duke. Write from us, to him.
Poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

SCENE VIII.

To them, Enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior, [*To* Brabantio,
We lackt your counſel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill it ſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter! --
Sen. Dead?
Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witchcraft could not ---
Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it ſeems
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate-affairs,
Hath hither brought.
All. We're very ſorry for't.
Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Oth. Moſt potent, grave and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years pith,
'Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,

(For

(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at it ſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on --
It is a judgment maim'd and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs affection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern ſeeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen. Othello*, ſpeak,
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send, for the Lady, to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place.
[*Exit* Iago.

And 'till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent

How

How I did thrive in this fair Lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battels, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to speak. † All these to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,

† It was my hint to speak; such was the process;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
Would *Desdemona*, &c.

'Twas

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful --
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it,--yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man -- ſhe thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witneſs it.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too --
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?

Deſ. Noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty,
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my huſband,
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the ſtate-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,

Which,

Which, but thou haſt already, with my heart,
I would keep from thee. And for your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child,
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me now ſpeak more like your ſelf; and lay
A ſentence in, which, like a griſe or ſtep,
May help theſe lovers here into your favour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended;
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile.
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing cares
For the falſe comforts which from thence he hears;
But he heaps both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pieced through the ear.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th' affairs of ſtate.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello,* the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a more ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity

find

I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reverence of place and exhibition,
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Why, at her father's.
Bra. I will not have it ſo.
Oth. Nor I.
Deſ. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.
Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*
Deſ. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereſt me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, Lords; beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat affects the young,
In my diſtinct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant
For ſhe is with me -- No, when light-wing'd toys

Of

Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte,
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to-night.

Deſ. To-night, my Lord, to-night?

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt,)
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighting beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [*Exit.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my ſelf.

Iago. If thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay I would drown my ſelf for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our ſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardiners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettice; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lyes in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a ſlip or ſcyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy ſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable

toughneſs. I could never better ſtead thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars, † defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor -- put money in thy purſe -- nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,--but put money in thy purſe -- Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills; -- fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ‡ ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as coloquintida. She muſt change for youth; when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice -- Therefore put money in thy purſe -- If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an arrant *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy ſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me. -- Go, make money. -- I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

† *That is*, diſgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a falſe beard.

‡ *J. Ludolfus* ſpeaking of the Locuſt ſaith, *ſuavis valde nec non ſalubris eſt cibus.* Hiſt. Æthiop. lib. 1. c. 13.

Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*
No more of drowning.
Rod. I'll ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *Manet* Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſwain,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true --
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well --
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now; --
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery -- How? how? let's ſee --
After ſome time, t' abuſe *Othello*'s ears,
That he is too familiar with his wife --
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe
As aſſes are:
I have't -- it is ingendred -- Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and two Gentlemen.*

Mont. WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main
Deſcry a ſail.
Mont. Methinks the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortiſe? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;
I never did like moleſtation view
On th' enchaf'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd:
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

SCENE II. *Enter a third Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* News, Lords, our wars are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts. A ſhip of *Venice*
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in;
A *Veroneſſa*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even 'till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do ſo;

For

For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III. *Enter* Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements!
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.

Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?

Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Caſ. What noiſe?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a ſail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the governor.

Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie:
Our friends at leaſt.

Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' eſſential veſture of creation
Do's bear all excellency --

SCENE IV. *Enter Gentleman.*

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
(Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel,)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.

Mont. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain:
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnights ſpeed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath!
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguiſh'd ſpirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort ---

SCENE V.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, Lady! and the grace of heav'n
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round!

Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.

Deſ. O but I fear -- how loſt you company?

Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hark, a ſail!

Within.] A ſail, a ſail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.

Caſ. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding [*Saluting her.*
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſie.

Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.

Deſ. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.

Iago.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry before your Ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, houſewives in your beds.

Deſ. Oh fie upon thee, ſlanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Deſ. What wouldſt thou write of me, if thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?

Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Deſ. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the harbour--

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe;
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd; how if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. *If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white, that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Æmil. How if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. She never yet was fooliſh that was fair,
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Deſ.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelf?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)--

Deſ. To do what?

Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Deſ. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy huſband. How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt profane and illiberal cenſurer?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam, you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid -- whiſper -- With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio*. Ay, ſmile upon her, do -- I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed -- If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good -- well kiſs'd and excellent curteſie -- 'tis ſo indeed --- Yet again -- your fingers to your lips; would they were cliſter-pipes for your ſake! [*Trumpet.* The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Caſ.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.
Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.
Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI. *Enter* Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!
Deſ. My dear *Othello!*
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. My ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for I fear
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Deſ. The heav'ns forbid
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, ſweet powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greateſt diſcords be [*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!
Iago. You are well-tun'd now;
But I'll let down the pegs that make this muſick,
As honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*
Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs

Does

Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

SCENE VII. *Manent* Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; as they ſay, baſe men being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them---liſt me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be, again to inflame it and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite, lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find it ſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection; a ſlippery and ſubtle knave, a finder of occaſions, that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never preſent it ſelf. A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, th' incorporate concluſion: piſh--- But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice.* Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio,* either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and happily may ſtrike at you. Provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio.* So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: and the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Manet* Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear huſband. Now I love her too,

Not

Not out of abſolute luſt, (though peradventure
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or ſhall content my ſoul,
'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on;
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb,
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here----but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, 'till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *The Street.*

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph: Some to dance, ſome to make bonefires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the bell have toll'd eleven.
Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello!* [*Ex.*

SCENE X. *The Caſtle.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night.
Let's teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,

Not

Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago* hath direction what to do:
But notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good-night. To-morrow with your earlieſt
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o' th' clock. Our general caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has! methinks it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets! come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to-night, good *Iago*: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I've drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the Infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young miſtreſs' dog.---
Now my ſick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my deem,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

SCENE XI.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh man's life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England:* where indeed they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*---drink, ho!---are nothing to your *Engliſh.*

Caſ.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant : and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England !*

King Stephen *was and-a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown,
He held them ſixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown :
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
And take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again ?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things. Well---Heaven's above all ; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality ;) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient, Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins---gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my Ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then : you muſt not think then that I am drunk.

SCENE

SCENE XII. *Manent* Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters, come, let's ſee the watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rodorigo.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt Action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within*, help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!---

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me---

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mont.

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk? [*They fight.*
Iago. Away I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny. [*Ex.* Rodor.
Nay, good lieutenant---Alas, gentlemen---
Help, ho!---Lieutenant---Sir, *Montano*---
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch indeed---
Who's that who rings the bell?---diablo, ho! [*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fie, fie, lieutenant!
You will be ſham'd for ever.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Oth. Hold for your lives.
Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant----Sir----*Montano*---Gentlemen---
Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you---hold, hold, for ſhame---
Oth. Why how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to our ſelves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that look'ſt dead with grieving,
Speak: who began this? on thy love I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now---
As if ſome planet had unwitted men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,

And would in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot!

Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer *Iago* can inform you,
(While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me)
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;
And he that is approv'd in his offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me. What, and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel?
In night, and on the court of guard and ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than

Than it ſhould do offence to *Michael Caſſio*;
Yet I perſwade my ſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my ſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pauſe;
My ſelf the crying fellow did purſue;
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt, even as again they were
When you your ſelf did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to *him*,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*. *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Deſ. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, ſweeting; come, away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my ſelf will be your ſurgeon.
Lead him off:
Iago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.

Come,

Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the ſoldier's life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV. *Manent* Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all ſurgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of my ſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation ----

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute your ſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man---there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice, even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk and ſpeak? parrot? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? oh thou inviſible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform our ſelves into beaſts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenneſs to give place

place to the devil wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befall'n: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will ask him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard! had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!---Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well-us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confeſs your ſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her huſband, intreat her to ſplinter. And, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt *Iago*. [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE XV. *Manet* Iago.

Iago. And what's he then that ſays I play the villain?

When

When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit: ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his good? 'Tis hell's divinity:
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly ſhews,
As I do now. For while this honeſt fool
Plies *Deſdemona* to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net
That ſhall enmeſh them all. How now, *Rod'rigo?*

SCENE XVI. *Enter* Rodorigo.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,

And

And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio*.
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits that bloſſom firſt, are not firſt ripe:
Content thy ſelf a while. In troth, 'tis morning;
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;
My wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on; ſo draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Solliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's *Palace*.

Enter Caſſio, *and Muſicians*.

Caſ. MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, General.
[*Muſick plays, and enter* Clown *from the Houſe*.

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i' th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh thereby hangs a tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's money for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for love's ſake to make no noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, and hye away. Go, vaniſh into air, away! [*Exeunt* Muſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the General's wife be ſtirring, tell her there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Caſ. Do, my good friend.

To him enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit is, that ſhe will to *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her preſently:
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus,*
And great affinity; and that in wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you: but he loves you,
And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Caſ. Yet, I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.

Æmil.

Æmil. Pray you come in,
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.
Caſ. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the ſenate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves my huſband
As if the cauſe were his.
Deſ. Oh that's an honeſt fellow; doubt not, *Caſſio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Moſt bounteous Madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You've known him long, and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, Lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it

To the laſt article. My Lord ſha'nt reſt,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: therefore be merry, *Caſſio*,
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Othello *and* Iago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Deſ. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.

Caſ. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at eaſe:
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.

Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. Hah! I like not that.

Oth. What doſt thou ſay?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if--I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Caſſio*, my Lord? no ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Deſ. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Deſ. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Deſ. In ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*; ſome other time.

Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. Sooner, ſweet, for you.
Def. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to-night.
Def. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Def. Why then to-morrow-night, or *Tueſday* morn,
Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn.
I pr'ythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that they ſay the wars muſt make example
Out of their beſt) is not almoſt a fault
T' incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello.* I wonder in my ſoul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mamm'ring on. What? *Michael Caſſio!*---
That came a wooing with you, and many a time
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much---
Oth. Pr'ythee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.
Def. Shall I deny you? no: farewel, my Lord.
Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtraight.

Def. *Æmilia*, come; be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manent* Othello *and* Iago.

Oth. Excellent wench! † perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord!

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*

Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did from firſt to laſt; why doſt thou aſk?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught of that?
Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?

Oth. Honeſt! ay, honeſt.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What doſt thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord?-----

Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'dſt not that,----
When *Caſſio* left my wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,

† The word *Wench* heretofore carried in it a ſenſe no ways ſcornful or diſparaging, ſuch as modern times have annex'd to it: It ſignified a young woman, often an amiable woman, ſo that ſome have thought it a corruption only from the word *Venus*. In the Play of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* *Act* 2. *Sc.* 3. it is thus uſed: *Cleopatra* is called, *Royal Wench!* and in this Play again *Act* 5. *Sc.* 9. *Oh ill ſtarr'd Wench!* So in *Fletcher*'s Bloody Brother *Rollo* in the midſt of his moſt paſſionate and reſpectful addreſſes to *Edith* calls her *Wench*. *Act* 5. *Sc.* 2.

In

In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou doſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but in a man that's juſt,
They're diſtillations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.

Oth. I think ſo too.

Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem none!

Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.

Iago. Why, then I think *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt
Of thoughts the worſt of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts! ----Why ſay, they're vile and falſe,
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,
'Cauſe I perchance am vicious in my gueſs:
As I confeſs it is my nature's plague
To ſpie into abuſe, and oft my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Your wiſdom would not build your ſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Not for my manhood, honeſty and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts----

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſie;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. Oh miſery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heaven the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſie!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon

With

With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt is
At once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſuffolate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,----
Away at once with love, and jealouſie.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*,
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to then;
She that ſo young could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak----
He thought 'twas witchcraft---but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago.

Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has;
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee you're mov'd----
I am to pray you not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo, my Lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.
My Lord, I ſee you're mov'd----
Oth. No, not much mov'd------
I do not think but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo; and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelf----
Iago. Ay, there's the point;---as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things nature tends;
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her, tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And haply ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife t' obſerve. Leave me, *Iago.*
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?----
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.
Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place,

For

For ſure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you pleaſe to put him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Manet* Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much----
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. *Deſdemona* comes:

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh then heav'n mocks it ſelf:
I'll not believe't.

Deſ. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth.

Oth. I am to blame.

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Deſ. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little; [*She drops her handkerchief.*
Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manet* Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin here:
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I will have the work
Ta'en out, and give it to *Iago*, but
What he'll do with it, heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing----

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.

Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench, give it me. *Æmil.*

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*

Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady, ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me---- [*Exit* Æmilia.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.----I did ſay ſo,
[*Obſerving* Othello *ſeemingly diſturb'd.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep,
Which thou ow'd'ſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! falſe to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone; thou'ſt ſet me on the rack.
I ſwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I, in her ſtol'n hours of luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I ſlept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever Fare-

Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And oh you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't, or at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord----

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be wi' you: take mine office. Wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world.
To be direct and honeſt is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay,----thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt----

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,

And

And loſes what it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſteams,
I'll not endure't. Would I were ſatisfied!
Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, and will.
Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſith I'm entred in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep---there are a kind of men
So looſe of ſoul, that in their ſleeps will mutter
All their affairs: one of this kind is *Caſſio*;

In ſleep I heard him ſay, *Sweet* Deſdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry---*Oh ſweet creature!* and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kiſſes by the roots
And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, *Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.*

Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!

Iago. This was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone concluſion;
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that----

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true.----Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;----
Ariſe, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood----

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind may change.

Oth.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like the *Pontick* ſea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont:*
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up----Now by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow, [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words----
Iago. Do not riſe yet; [Iago *kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice. Let him command,
Nor to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn her!
Come go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. Do you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?
Clown. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. Why, man?
Clown. He's a ſoldier, and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer.

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit Clown.*

Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe the handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Deſ. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Deſ. Who, he? I think the Sun where he was born
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Deſ. I will not leave him now, 'till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord?

SCENE X. *Enter* Othello. [*Aſide.*

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my Lady.

Deſ. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt----this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout,
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,

That

That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A very frank one.
Def. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Def. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my Lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not? ----
Def. No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a charmer and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Def. Is't possible?
Oth 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
Of the sun's course two hundred compasses.
In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk,
And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed! is't true!
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.
Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never ſeen't!
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is't out o'th' way?
Def. Bleſs us! -----
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not loſt; but what an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Def. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.
Def. Why ſo I can, Sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief---my mind miſgives---
Def. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief----
Def. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief----
Def. Inſooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* Othello.

SCENE XI. *Manent* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man:
They are but ſtomachs, and we all but food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my huſband.

Enter Iago, and Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her.
Def. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,

That

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again;
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.

Deſ. Alas! thrice gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my ſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And certainly in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Deſ. I pr'ythee do ſo. Something ſure of ſtate,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and in ſuch caſes,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,

Tho'

Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was, unhandsome wrangler as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello*'s mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Æmilia.

SCENE XIII. *Enter* Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time

Strike

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,
[*Giving her* Desdemona's *Handkerchief*.
Take me this work out.
Bian. Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.
Cas. Well, go to, woman;
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. Not that you love me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter Othello *and* Iago.

Iago. WILL you think so?
Oth. Think so, *Iago*?
Iago. What, to kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,

An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſie againſt the devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The devil their virtue tempts not, they tempt heav'n.
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief ---
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is proprietor of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?
Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief---
Oth. By heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it;
Thou ſaidſt,---oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected houſe,
Boading to all, --- he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iago. What if I ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay? as knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs
Convinc'd or ſuppled them, then cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Iago. Why, that he did---I know not what he did---
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lye---
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her? on her---what you will---
Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with her! that's fulſom: handkerchief----Confeſſions---Handkerchief---I tremble

tremble at it---Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing without ſome induction. It is not words that ſhake me thus---piſh---Noſes, ears, and lips---is't poſſible! --- confeſs! --- handkerchief! --- Oh devil---

[*Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Work on!
My medicine works. Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte dames even thus
All guiltleſs meet reproach. What hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I ſay, *Othello!*

SCENE II. *Enter* Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fall'n into an Epilepſie,
This is the ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: --- look, he ſtirs.
Do you withraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monſter and a beaſt.

Iago. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe
Is better: oh, it is the ſpight of hell,
The fiend's arch-mock, to lip a wanton in

A ſecure couch, and to ſuppoſe her chaſte.
No, let me know, and knowing what I am
I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wife;
'Tis certain.

Iago. Stand you now a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unfitting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſie;
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay you're all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience:
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody.

Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter. Here he comes.

SCENE III. *Enter* Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſie muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,

Quite

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you gave me the addition, Whoſe want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't: Now, if this ſuit lay in *Bianca*'s power, [*Speaking lower.* How quickly ſhould you ſpeed!

Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

Iago. Do you hear, *Caſſio?*

Oth. Now he importunes him To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid.

Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her. Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman?* do you triumph?

Caſ. I marry! --- What? a cuſtomer? pr'ythee bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee ſay true.

Iago. I am a villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcor'd me? well.

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: now he begins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the ſea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck---

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha---

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber; oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where ſhe comes.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one: --- What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? a likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work: there, give it your hobbey-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE V. *Manent* Othello *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago?*

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago!* ---

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife---She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing!
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman! ---

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature ---- She might lye by an Emperor's ſide, and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is --- ſo delicate with her needle --- An admirable muſician. Oh, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear: of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle condition! ---

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*--Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*--

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*, this night. I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed,
Even in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good: --- what trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. I warrant you 'tis ſomething come from *Venice*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oh! it is *Lodovico* from the Duke:
And see, your wife is with him.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of *Venice* greet you.
[*Gives him a Letter.*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their good pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico?*

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.
Welcome to *Cyprus.*

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio?*

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord!

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will---* [*Reading.*

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio?*

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T' attone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio.*

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello?*

Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice,*
Though

Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a crocodile:
Out of my ſight ---
Deſ. I will not ſtay t' offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs!
Deſ. My Lord!
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who, I, my Lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wiſh that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep:
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient --- proceed you in your tears ---
Concerning this, Sir, --- oh well painted paſſion! ---
I am commanded home --- get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon --- Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice* ---Hence, avant! -- [*Exit* Deſ.
Caſſio ſhall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus* ---
Goats and Monkies! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Manent* Lodovico *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full ſenate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? this the nature
Which paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident or dart of chance
Could neither raze nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry that I was deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. You have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' th' way?
Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom,
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd
That cannot ſay as much; this is a ſubtle one,

&

A cloſet lock and key of villainous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray; I've ſeen her do't.

SCENE IX. Enter *Deſdemona and* Æmilia.

Deſ. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Deſ. What is your pleaſure?

Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.

Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs, [*To* Æmilia.
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your myſtery, your myſtery; nay diſpatch. [*Exit* Æmilia.

Deſ Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Deſ. Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thy ſelf; leſt being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee,
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear thou art honeſt.

Deſ. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.

Deſ. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?

Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona*, away, away, away ---

Deſ. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my Lord?
If haply you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why I have loſt him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at--
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
There, there look grim as hell.

Deſ. I hope my noble Lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. Oh ay, as ſummer-flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee ---
Would thou had'ſt ne'er been born!

Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What, what committed?
Committed? oh, thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. Committed?--impudent ſtrumpet!

Deſ. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?

Deſ. No, as I am a chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my Lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.

Oth. Is't poſſible?

Deſ.

Def. Oh, heav'n forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello* ---

SCENE X. *Enter* Æmilia.

Come you, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam? how do you, my good Lady?
Def. 'Faith, half aſleep.
Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With whom, *Æmilia?*
Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam.
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember:
And call thy huſband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Def. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion of my leaſt miſuſe?

SCENE XI. *Enter* Iago *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, Madam? how is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell; thoſe that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſie taſks;
He might have chid me ſo: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter, Lady?
Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Def. Am I that name, *Iago?*

Iago.

Iago. What name, fair Lady?
Def. Such as ſhe ſaid my Lord did ſay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callat.
Iago. Why did he ſo?
Def. I do not know; I'm ſure I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretchd fortune.
Iago. Beſhrew him for't: how comes this trick upon him?
Def. Nay, heav'n doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Def. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelyhood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companion thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh fie upon him! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Def. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,

Or

Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay *whore*,
It does abhor me now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other --

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant.
Hark how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper! [*Trumpets.*
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.

[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

SCENE XII. *Enter* Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'ſt me with ſome device, *Iago*; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted my ſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt.

You

You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well? go to? I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my self known to *Desdemona:* If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure your self I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Iago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio.*

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago.

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Æmilia *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Desdemona!*---

[*Ex.* Lod. *&c.*

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look't be done. [*Exit.*

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,
(Pr'ythee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
Not to go hang my head all on one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pry'thee dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man;

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,* [Singing.
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softned the stones;
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hye thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.
Nay that's not next -- Hark, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des.

Des. *I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither by this heav'nly light, I might do't as well i' th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing; it is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should, and unswear't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world! why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.
But I do think it is their husbands faults,
If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls; and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſower,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Def. Good-night; good-night; heav'n me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace. Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me ſatisfying reaſons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword; he dies.
[*Goes and ſtands apart.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young quab almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.

It muſt not be. If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou dieſt.

[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain. [*Fight, and both fall.*

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help! hoa! murther, murther!

[Iago *behind cuts* Caſſio *on the leg, and Exit.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio*; *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh villain that I am!

Oth. It is even ſo.

Caſ. Oh help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!---

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong,
Thou teacheth me---Minion, your dear lyes dead,
And your fate hyes apace. Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart thoſe charms thine eyes are blotted:
Thy bed luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.

[*Exit* Othello.

SCENE III. *Enter* Lodovico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murther, murther!

Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance, the voice is very direful.

Caſ. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark,

Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this that cries out
Lod. We do not know. [murther?
Iago. Do not you hear a cry?
Caſ. Here, here: for heaven's ſake help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?
Caſ. *Iago?* oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.
Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Caſ. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give ſome help.
Rod. Oh help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous ſlave! oh villain! [Iago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog! [*Dies.*
Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town! ho, murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by villains.
Gra. *Caſſio?*
Iago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heav'n forbid:
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa? who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd!
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio,*
My ſweet *Caſſio,* oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio!*
Iago. Oh notable ſtrumpet! *Caſſio,* may you ſuſpect

Who

Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So---Oh for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Caſſio, Caſſio, Caſſio!*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good *Caſſio*, come, come:
Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man
Rodorigo? no: yes ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice!*
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon;
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, *Caſſio?* oh a chair, a chair.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well ſaid, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale?---oh bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon. [*To* Bianca.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

SCENE V. *Enter* Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, huſband?

Iago.

Iago. *Caſſio* hath here been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to--night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. Oh did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run to the citadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore?---This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*
Enter Othello, *with a Light, and a Sword.*

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte ſtars,
It is the cauſe. Yet I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter: [*Lays down the ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light: and then---put out *thy* light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light re-lumine.
[*Sets down the candle, not putting it out.*
When I have pluck'd the roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again,

It

It needs muſt wither---I'll ſmell thee on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice to break her ſword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after---One more, that's the laſt,
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears; this ſorrow's heav'nly,
It ſtrikes, where it doth love---She wakes---

Deſ. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Deſdemona.*

Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your ſelf of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.

Deſ. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,
No, heav'ns fore-fend, I would not kill thy ſoul.

Deſ. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Deſ. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Deſ. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy ſins.

Deſ. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.

Deſ. That death's unnatural; what! kill for loving!
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They

They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio.*
Deſ. No, by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man,
And aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently.
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Deſ. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, amen!
Deſ. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio,*
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Deſ. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Deſ. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath---us'd thee---
Deſ. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.
Deſ. My fear interprets. Oh! what, is he dead?

Oth.

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Deſ. Alas, he is betray'd, and I'm undone.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Deſ. Oh baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.

Deſ. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive---

Deſ. But half an hour †---but while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*Smothers her.*

SCENE VII. Æmilia *at the door.*

Æmil. My Lord! my Lord! what hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.

Æmil. What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there!

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*---by and by---ſhe's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high. Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think ſhe ſtirs again---No---what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration---

Æmil. I beſeech you
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my Lord!---

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in, *Æmilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.

† *Deſ.* But half an hour---
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Deſ. But while I ſay one prayer.

Where

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian,* call'd *Rodorigo.*
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. Oh falsely, falsely murther'd!
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out and alas, that was my Lady's voice.
Help, help, hoa! help! oh Lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona,* oh sweet mistress, speak.
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Des. No body, I my self, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewel! [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murther'd?
Æmil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more angel she, and you the blacker devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.
Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

Oh,

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy huſband knew it all.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Thy huſband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe been true,
If heav'n would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay thy huſband.
Æmil. Oh miſtreſs! villainy has made mocks with love.
My huſband ſay ſhe was falſe!
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay thy huſband; doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt *Iago*.
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a-day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah!
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm
As I have to bear hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt; thou'ſt done a deed---
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives---Help! help, hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murther, murther!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou didſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie:
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* did you ſay with *Caſſio?*

Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak
My miſtreſs lies here murther'd in her bed. †

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! . [Othello *falls on the bed*

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

†----murther'd in her bed.
All. Oh heav'ns forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murther on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters, it is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. Oh monſtrous act!
Æmil. Villainy! Villainy! Villainy!
I think upon't --I think---I ſmell't---Oh villainy!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill my ſelf for grief;
Oh villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad, &c.

Oth. Oh ſhe was foul!
I ſcarce did know you, uncle; there lyes your niece, [*Riſing.*
Whoſe breath indeed theſe hands have newly ſtop'd;
I know this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out---I peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Iago. Be wiſe and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his Wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman? [ſpeak'ſt of
Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
I found by fortune, and did give my huſband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than indeed belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.
Iago. Villainous whore?
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio?* alas, I found it,
And I did give't my huſband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool

Do with ſo good a wife?

[Iago *breaks through and wounds his Wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; ſure he hath kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Montano *and* Gratiano.

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy ſong boad, Lady?
Hark, canſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick; *Willow, Willow, Willow*----
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true!
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the † *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh here it is: uncle, I muſt come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did it ſelf ſuſtain

† In the firſt edition it is *Iſebroke*'s *temper*. Thence corrupted to *Ice-brooks*. *Ebro*'s temper: the waters of that river of *Spain* are particularly famous for tempering of ſteel. The fineſt arms in the world, the *Catalonian* Fuſees.

Upon

Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now---how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. Oh curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire---
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X. *Enter* Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello:* here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou beeſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello *wounds* Iago.

Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.

Iago. I bleed, but am not kill'd.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?

Oth. Ay.

Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you cauſe.

Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.

Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And here another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!

Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it ſeems
Rodorigo meant t' have ſent this damned villain;
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. O fool, fool, fool!

Caſ. There is beſides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt; and even now he ſpake

After

After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* ſtate. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down ought in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in th' extream; of one whoſe hand,
Like the baſe *Judean*, † threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whoſe eyes
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the ſtate,
I took by th' throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him, thus. [*Stabs himſelf.*

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All that is ſpoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
Killing my ſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*Dies.*

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

† Meaning *Herod* who ſlew his wife *Mariamne* whom he paſſionately loved.

Lod.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* † dog! [*To* Iago.
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,---
Let it be hid. *Gratiano* keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, Lord governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard, and to the ſtate,
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

† The Dogs of *Spartan* race were reckon'd among thoſe of the moſt fierce and ſavage kind.

The End of SHAKESPEAR's *Plays.*

A

GLOSSARY

EXPLAINING

The obſelete and difficult WORDS in the PLAYS of

SHAKESPEAR.

Note. *That when a Word is uſed but once, or in a ſenſe which is ſingular; the Volume and the Page are noted down, where the ſame is to be found.*

And *When a Word is not properly* Engliſh, *but borrowed from a foreign Language, and not familiarized by Uſe into our own; the original word in ſuch foreign Language is ſet down.*

A

TO ABY, Vol. 1. 105. to ſuffer for, to pay dear for.

To ACCITE, to call, to ſummon or ſend for. Lat. *Accire.*

To AFFEER, to confirm, to aſcertain: A Law-term uſed in Court-Leets, and ſignifying to confirm or fix by Perſons properly choſen the Mulcts there impoſed upon ſuch as have committed faults arbitrarily puniſhable, and which have no expreſs penalty annexed to them by any Statute. Fr. *Affeurer.*

To AFFIE, to affiance, to betroth; alſo, to confide.

To AFFRONT, to front, or confront, or face.

An AGLET, the Tag of a Lace, or of the Points formerly uſed as Ornaments in dreſs, and which (for the greater finery)

finery) were often cut in the ſhape of little Images. Fr. *Aiguillette.*

To AGNIZE, Vol. 9. 214. to acknowledge, to avow, Lat. *Agnoſcere.*

AGOOD, Vol. 1. 184. Much, a great deal.

An AIERY, the Neſt of an Hawk, and ſometimes the brood of Hawks belonging to a particular neſt.

ALDER, of all. ALDER-LIEFEST, deareſt of all.

An ANCIENT, an Enſign, or Standard-bearer.

ANTHROPOPHAGINIAN, Vol. 1. 255. a Man-eater. Gr. Ανθρωποφάγος.

An ANTRE, Vol. 9. 212. a Cave or Cavern. Fr. *Antre.* Lat. *Antrum.*

To APPEACH, Vol. 3. 162. to impeach.

To APPEAL, to accuſe.

APPROOF, the ſame as proof.

An ARGOSIE, a Ship; from *Argo* the ſhip of the *Argonauts.*

AROINT thee! avaunt! ſtand off! this word ſeems to come from the Latin *Dii averruncent!*

ASCAUNCE, awry.

An ASSINEGO, Vol. 8. 165. an Aſs-driver or Aſs-keeper. Ital. *Aſináio.*

ATE', the Goddeſs of Miſchief.

ATTAINTS, Vol. 5. 51. the ſame as Taints: ſtains, blemiſhes, any ſtrokes or touches of infection either in a natural or moral ſenſe. Fr. *Atteintes.*

To ATTONE, to appeaſe, to reconcile; alſo, to be reconciled, to agree.

B

BACCALA'RE, Vol. 3. 101. a ſelf-conceited pretending Spark. An *Italian* word.

To BAIT, a Term in Falconry, when the Hawk ſpreads and claps her wings.

BALDRICK, a Belt. Fr. *Baudrier.*

BALE, Misfortune, Sorrow.

BALK'd,

BALK'd, Vol. 5. 7. Floated: from the *Italian* Verb *Valicare.*

BAN-DOGS, Vol. 6. 21. Dogs kept in bands, tied up.

To BANDY, to canvaſs, to diſpute, to quarrel, moſt eſpecially by retorting angry and provoking words: a metaphor taken from ſtriking the balls at Tennis which is the primary ſenſe of the word. Fr. *Bander.*

BARBASON, Vol. 3. 190. the Name of a Devil or Fiend, See Vol. 1. 223.

BARBED, ſee UNBARBED.

BASE, Country-baſe, Vol. 8. 311. a ſport uſed amongſt Country people called Priſon-baſe, in which ſome purſue to take others Priſoners. And therefore "I bid the baſe" Vol. 1. 138. is by uſing the language of that ſport to ſay, "my buſineſs is to take priſoners."

BASE COURT, Vol. 4. 301. a back Yard. Fr. *Baſſe-cour.*

BASTA, it ſufficeth, it is enough. An *Italian* word.

BATED, abated, ſunk.

A BATLET, a flat piece of Wood, with which Waſher-Women beat coarſe Linnen.

To BATTEN, to feed, to paſture.

BAVEN, bruſh wood, faggot wood.

BAWCOCK, a coaxing term: probably from the French *Bas coque.*

BEARNS, Children.

BEHESTS or HESTS, Commands.

A BERGOMASK-DANCE, Vol. 1. 126. a Dance after the manner of the Peaſants of *Bergomaſco* a Country in *Italy*, belonging to the *Venetians.* All the buffoons in *Italy* affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that People, and from thence it became a Cuſtom to mimick alſo their manner of dancing.

BESHREW! an Imprecation, as "beſhrew my Heart!" *ill betide my Heart!*

To BESMIRCH or SMIRCH, to beſmear, to foul, to dirty.

BESTRAUGHT, Mad, diſtracted.

To BETEEM, Vol. 1. 72. to yield, to deliver. *Spen.*

A BEVER, that part of the Helmet, which lets down over the face, with a grate of iron bars before the Eyes. Span. *Bavera.*

To BEWRAY, to diſcover, to reveal.

BEZONIAN, a beggarly ſcoundrel. Ital. *Biſognoſo.*

A BIGGEN, a Cap or Coif of Linnen like thoſe worn by Children with a ſtay under the Chin. Fr. *Beguin.*

A BILBERRY, the fruit of a ſmall ſhrub, of a blue colour.

BILBO, "like a good Bilbo" Vol. 1. 243. a ſword-blade of *Bilbo* which will bend almoſt round in a circle without breaking.

BISSON or BEESEN, blear-eyed.

A BLANK, Vol. 4. 97. a white or mark to ſhoot at. Fr. *Blanc.*

To BLENCH, to boggle or turn aſide with fear.

BLENT, the ſame as blended, mingled.

To BOLT or BOULT, to ſift as they do Meal thro' a ſieve.

To BOLTER, as *Blood-bolter'd.* Vol. 8. 116. to welter, to wallow. Fr. *Veaultrer.* Lat. *Volutare.*

A BOMBARD or BUMBARD, Vol. 1. 31. a Mortar-piece or great Gun. Fr. *Bombarde:* but in other places, as Vol. 5. 41. and Vol. 6. 357. the word is uſed for a drinking veſſel: and there is ſtill in uſe in the Northern parts of *England* a kind of flagon without a Cover and of the ſame bigneſs from top to bottom which retains the name of a *Gun.*

A BORNE, a limit or boundary. Fr. *Borne.* This hath been falſly printed *Bourn*, which ſignifies another thing, namely a brook or ſtream of water.

A BOW, Vol. 3. 47. a Yoke.

A BRACH. The *Italian* word *Bracco*, from which this is derived, is underſtood to ſignify any kind of Beagle, Hound or ſetting Dog: but *Jo. Caius*, in his book of *Britiſh* Dogs, ſays that with us it moſt properly belongs to Bitches of the hunting kind, and in that ſenſe *Shakeſpear* uſes it.

To

To BRACK, Vol. 1. 10. to ſalt. It is ſtill uſed as an adjective in *Lincolnſhire* and the northern Counties: and *Brackiſh* is retained in uſe every where.

BRAID or BREID, Vol. 3. 201. bred, of a breed, of a certain turn of temper and conditions from the breed: a *Scotch* and North Country Word.

A BRAKE, Vol. 1. 90 and 96. a Thicket or Cover.

A BRIEF, Vol. 3. 176. any Proceſs or Order iſſuing from the King.

BROACHED, Vol. 5. 247. ſpitted, thruſt through with a ſpit. Fr. *Brochée.*

A BROCH or BROOCH or BROWCH, an Ornament of Gold worn ſometimes about the Neck, and ſometimes about the Arm.

A BROCK, Vol. 3. 258. a Badger.

To BROOCH, Vol. 7. 323. to adorn.

BROGUES, the ſhoes or pumps which are worn by the *Iriſh* Peaſants.

To BUDGE or BODGE, Vol. 6. 105. to give way, to ſtir, to quit a place. Fr. *Bouger.*

A BURGONET, Vol. 6. 85. a ſteel Cap, worn for the defence of the Head in battle. Fr. *Bourguinotte.*

BUSKY or BOSKY, Woody: from the old French word *Boſc,* of which *Boſquet* now in uſe is a diminutive.

C

A CADE, Vol. 6. 64. A Caſk. Lat. *Cadus:* alſo when joined to the name of any beaſt it ſignifies *tame, brought up by hand.*

CADIS, Vol. 4. 56. a Galloon or binding made of Worſted: a *French* word.

CALIVER, the diameter or bore of a Gun: thence ſometimes the Gun it ſelf. Fr. *Calibre.*

A CALLAT. This word has two ſignifications: ſometimes a ſcold and ſometimes a lewd drab.

A CANTLE, Vol. 5. 46. a diviſion or ſegment of Land, or other thing. Ital. *Cantone.* Fr. *Canton.*

A CANZONET, Vol. 2. 306. a ſong, a ditty. Ital. *Canzonetta.*

CAPPOCHIA, Vol. 8. 200. a Fool. An *Italian* word.

A CARACK, Vol. 2. 105. a huge Ship of Burthen, uſed by the *Spaniards* and *Portugueſe.* Ital. *Caracca.*

CARACTS, Vol. 2. 65. Characters.

A CARKANET, a necklace. Fr. *Carcan.*

A CARLE, a Clown, a Churl.

CARRAT, the Weight which diſtinguiſhes the fineneſs of Gold. Fr. *Carat.*

A CASK, Vol. 8. 37. an Helmet. Fr. *Caſque.*

CATAIAN, Vol. 1. 214. *Cataia* is a Country on the North of *China*, which, in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, was reported by the firſt Voyagers thither to be rich in Gold Ore, and upon that encouragement many Perſons were perſuaded to adventure great ſums of Money in fitting out Ships thither, as for a moſt gainful trade; but it proved to be a notorious deceit and falſhood: hence *Cataian* ſtands for one of no credit.

CATLINGS, Vol. 8. 197. ſmall ſtrings for muſical Inſtruments made of Cat-gut.

CAUTEL, Vol. 9. 102. an ill deſigning Craft in order to enſnare. So

CAUTELOUS, Vol. 7. 136. Crafty, Cunning, Deceitful. So is the French *Cauteleux* always uſed in a bad ſenſe, dangerouſly artificial.

A CEARMENT, Vol. 9. 107. the wrapping of an enbalmed Body. Ital. *Ceramento.*

A CENSER, Vol. 5. 167. A plate or diſh, in which they burnt Incenſe, and at the bottom of which was uſually repreſented in rude carving the figure of ſome Saint. Fr. *Encenſoir.*

CHARNECO, Vol. 6. 33. This ſeems to have been a cant-word for ſome ſtrong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken Fellows to the Stocks, ſince in Spaniſh *Charnié-gos* is a term uſed for the Stocks. *Beaum.* and *Fl.* uſe the ſame word in the Play, *Wit without money.*

CHAW-

CHAWDRON, Vol. 8. 214. a dish of meat still used in the northern parts of *England*, made of the Entrails of a Calf.

A CHEVRIL, a Kid. Fr. *Chevreau.*

A CHEWET, Vol. 5. 71. a Pie or Magpie. Fr. *Chouette* or *Cheuette.*

A CHIOPPINE, Vol. 9. 129. a thick piece of cork, bound about with Tin or Silver, worn by the Women in *Spain* at the bottom of their shoes to make them appear taller. Span. *Chapin.*

A CHOUGH or CORNISH CHOUGH, a bird, which frequents the Rocks by the Sea-side, most like to a Jack-daw, but bigger.

CINQUE-PACE, a grave dance so called. Fr. *Cinque pas.*

A CITAL, Vol. 5. 76. a Recital.

To CLEPE, to call.

COBLOAF, Vol. 8. 165. a mishapen loaf of bread, run out in the baking into lumps and protuberancies.

COCKLE, a Weed in Corn.

To COCKLE, to shrink, to wrinkle up.

A COCKNEY, one born and bred in the City, and ignorant of all things out of it.

COIGNE or COIN, a Corner. Fr. *Coin.*

COIL, bustle, tumult.

COLLIED, Vol. 1. 73. sooty, black.

To CON, to learn, to know, to understand. To *con thanks* means the same as to *give thanks*, being to be reckon'd a particular phrase, and indeed a Græcism, χάριν οἶδα.

To CONVENT, Vol. 3. 294. to concur, to be suitable. Lat. *Convenire.*

To CONVINCE, to overcome, in which sense the Latin word *Convinco* is used sometimes.

To CONVIVE, to feast together. Lat. *Convivere.*

COPATAIN, Vol. 3. 139. high raised, pointed: from *Coppe*, the top or point of any thing.

To COPE, to encounter, also Vol. 9. 66. to invest one's self with, as with a Cope or Mantle.

A COROLLARY, Vol 1. 49. an over-meaſure in any thing, or a ſurplus thrown in. Fr. *Corollaire.* Lat. *Corollarium.*

A COSIER, Vol. 3. 249. a Botcher: from the old French *Couſer,* to ſew.

To COURB, Vol. 9. 157. to bend. Fr. *Courber.*

To COWER, to ſink or ſquat down. Ital. *Covare.* Fr. *Couver.*

To CRASH, Vol. 9. 16. to be merry over: a Craſh being a word ſtill uſed in ſome Countries for a merry bout.

To CRAVEN, Vol. 8. 281. to make recreant or cowardly.

A CRESSET, Vol. 5. 44. a great light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe or watch-tower: from the French word *Croiſette,* a little Croſs, becauſe the beacons anciently had croſſes on the top of them.

CRISP, Vol. 7. 50. glittering or making things glitter, in which ſenſe the verb *criſpare* in Latin is ſometimes uſed. It alſo ſignifies curled from the Latin *Criſpus.*

A CROAN, Vol. 4. 31. an old toothleſs Sheep: thence an old Woman.

CUISSES, Vol. 5. 63. Armour for the thighs. Fr. *Cuiſſarts.*

A CULLION, a Fool, a dull ſtupid Cuddon. Ital. *Coglióne.*

A CUTTLE, Vol. 5. 117. in its proper ſenſe is a Sea-fiſh, which by throwing out a black juice like Ink fouls the Water and ſo eſcapes the fiſher. Hence by metaphor it is uſed to ſignify a foul-mouth'd fellow.

CURFEU, the eight o' clock bell. Fr. *Couvre feu.*

D

To DAFFE, to put by, to turn aſide with ſlight and neglect.

DANK, moiſt, damp.

To DARRAIGN, Vol. 6. 116. to range, or put in order. Fr. *Arranger.*

A DECK of Cards, the ſame as a Pack.

A DEEM, Vol. 8. 204. a ſuppoſition, a ſurmiſe.

To DEFEND, Vol. 9. 215. to forbid. Fr. *Defendre.*

DEFTLY, Nimbly, briſkly. DEFT, nimble, ready, neat, ſpruce.

To DERACINATE, to eradicate, to root up. Fr. *Deraciner.*

DEWBERRIES, Vol. 1. 95. ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one of the ſpecies of wild Bramble called the creeping or the leſſer Bramble: but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits they muſt be underſtood to mean Raſberries which are alſo of the Bramble-kind.

A DIBBLE, an Inſtrument with which Gardeners make holes in the Earth.

To DIET, to limit, to controul, to preſcribe to.

To DISCANDY, to diſſolve, to melt, to thaw.

DISMES, Vol. 8. 167. Tenths: a *French* word.

To DISPERGE, Vol. 7. 315. to ſprinkle, to ſcatter. Lat. *Diſpergo.*

To DOFF, to put off.

DRAFF, Vol. 5. 65. Waſh for Hogs.

To DRUMBLE, Vol. 1. 235. to drone, to be ſluggiſh. Ital. *Dormigliare.*

DULCET, ſweet. Lat. *Dulcis.*

E

To EAR, to plough or till.

ELD, old times, alſo, old age.

To ELFE, Vol. 4. 126. to intangle hair in ſo intricate a manner that it is not to be unravell'd. This the vulgar have ſuppoſed to be the work of Fairies in the nights: and all hair ſo matted together hath had the name of Elfe-locks.

To EMBALL, Vol. 6. 305. to make up into a Pack. Fr. *Emballer.*

EMBOWELL'D, Vol. 3. 163. Emptied.

To EMMEW, Vol. 2. 38. to mew up, to coop up.

An ENGLE, Vol. 3. 126. a Gull, a Put, a Bubble: derived from the *French* word *Engluer,* which ſignifies to catch with bird-lime.

ENGLUTTED, Vol. 5. 234. ſwallow'd up. Fr. *Englouti.*

To ENMESH, Vol. 9. 238. to intangle in the Meſhes of a Net.

To ENSEAR, to ſear up, to make dry.
To ENSCONCE, to cover as with a Fort, to ſecure.
ENSHIELD, Vol. 2. 32. ſhielded, protected.
ENSTEEPED, Vol. 9. 221. lying under water.
To ENTAME, Vol. 3. 50. to tame, to ſubdue.
ESCOTED, Vol. 9. 127. penſion'd: from the French *Eſcot*, a Shot or Reckoning.
EXIGENT, a Law-term, a Writ ſued out when the Defendant is not to be found, being part of the Proceſs leading to an Out-lawry. *Shakeſpear* uſes it for any extremity.
EXPEDIENT, the ſame as expeditious. EXPEDIENCE, expedition.
EXSUFFOLATE, Vol. 9. 247. whiſper'd, buzz'd in the Ears: from the *Italian* Verb *Suffolare*.
An EYAS or EYESS, a young Hawk juſt taken from the Neſt, not able to prey for it ſelf. Fr. *Niais*: for Eyas-muſket, ſee MUSKET.
An EYERY, an Hawk's Neſt.

F

To FADE, to diſappear, to vaniſh.
A FARROW, Vol. 8. 115. the litter of a Sow.
FARSED or FARCED, ſtuff'd out. Fr. *Farci*.
A FARTHEL or FARDEL, a bundle, a pack, a burthen. Ital. *Fardello*.
FAVOUR, Vol. 4. 148. Countenance, Viſage.
FELL, fierce, cruel.
A FELL, a ſkin or hide of a beaſt. *Fell of hair*, Vol. 8. 133. is the whole ſcalp, upon which the hair grows.
A FEODARY, Vol. 2. 33. One who holds his Eſtate under the tenure of ſuit and ſervice to a ſuperior Lord.
FEWNESS, Vol. 2. 15. Rarity.
A FITCHEW, Vol. 4. 162. a Polcat.
A FLAMEN, a Prieſt; a *Latin* word.
FLAWS, ſudden guſts of wind. See Vol. 5. 148.
FLECKER'D, Vol. 9. 33. ſpotted, ſpeckled, fluſh'd with red ſpots.

FLEW'D,

FLEW'D, Vol. 1. 112. FLEWS are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound.

To FLICKER, Vol. 4. 124. to ſmile.

FLOURIETS, Vol. 1. 110. young bloſſoms, young ſpringing flowers.

To FOIN, to puſh in fencing.

To FOREDO, to undo, to overcome, to lay violent hands upon.

To FOREFEND, to prevent, to forbid.

To FORESLOW, to delay.

FORTED, Vol. 2. 64. fortified, ſecure.

FORTIN, Vol. 5. 28. a little Fort raiſed to defend a Camp, particularly in a ſiege where the principal quarters are joined by lines defended by Fortins and Redoubts; A *French* word.

A FOSSET or FAUCET, a tap or peg of a barrel. Fr. *Fauſſette.*

FOYSON or FOIZON, Plenty, eſpecially of fruits of the earth. Fr. *Foiſon.*

FRANK'D UP, Vol. 6. 194. ſhut up in a Frank, which is a Sty for feeding a Boar.

A FRANKLIN, a Country Freeholder.

To FRUSH, Vol. 8. 230. to break, bruiſe, or cruſh. Fr. *Froiſſer.*

FULHAMS, Vol. 1. 205, a Cant-word for falſe Dice both high and low, taken probably from the name of the firſt Inventor or the Place where they were firſt made. The word is uſed and hath the ſame ſenſe in *Hudibras*, Part 2. Cant. 1. v. 642. And in *Don Quixot* fol. ed. 1687. tranſlated by *Philips*, part 2d book 3d chap. 16. *I am no Paumer, no high-and-low-Fulham-man.* See alſo *North*'s Examen. p. 108.

G

A GABARDINE, the coarſe frock of a ſhepherd or fiſherman or any Peaſant: thence alſo any looſe Caſſock. Ital. *Cavardina.*

GAIN-

GAIN-GIVING, Vol. 9. 190. the same as misgiving, a giving-against: as gain-saying, which is still in use, is saying against or contradicting.

A GALLIMAUFRY, Vol. 4. 60. an hoch-poch or hash of several sorts of broken meat, a medly. Fr. *Galimafrée.*

To GALLOW, Vol. 4. 137. to scare, to frighten.

GALLOWS, Vol. 2. 321. a Knave, one fit for the Gallows. *Skinner.*

GALLOWGLASSES, Vol. 6. 77. Soldiers among the wild *Irish*, who serve on horseback.

GARBOILS, Vol. 7. 254. disorders, tumults, uproars.

GARISH, gaudy, glaring, flaunting.

GASTED, Vol. 4. 119. as aghasted, frighted, dismayed.

A GAUDE, a toy, a trifle.

GEAR or GEER, stuff.

A GECK, a bubble easily impos'd upon. To GECK is to Cheat.

GERMIN, the first sprouting of seed or of a branch. Lat. *Germen.*

GESTS, noble actions or exploits: a word so used by *Chaucer* and *Spencer*. Lat. *Res gestæ* or *Gesta.*

GESTE, Vol. 4. 7. the roll or journal of the several days and stages prefix'd in the progresses of our Kings: many of them being still extant in the Herald's office. Fr. *Giste* or *Gîte.*

A GIBBE, any old worn-out useless Animal.

GIGLETS or GIGLOTS, Wanton Women, Strumpets.

GIMMAL or GIMBALD or JYMOLD, this word *Skinner* interprets only as applied to a ring consisting of two or more rounds, and thence derives it from the French *Gemeau* and the Latin *Gemellus:* a *Jymold bitt* therefore, Vol. 5. 231. may well be taken in that sense from the little rings often annex'd to bitts to play in the horse's mouth; but *Gimmals*, Vol. 5. 269. carries a more general signification, such as the word *Gim-cracks* has now, *viz.* some little quaint devices or pieces of Machinery.

A GLAIVE, a cutting Sword, a Cimeterre; used also by *Spencer:* a *French* word.

To

To GLEEK, to joke, jeer or ſcoff.

To GLOSE, to flatter, to collogue.

To GLOSS, Vol. 5. 181, to interpret, to comment upon. Fr. *Glôſer.*

GODILD you! God ſhield you!

GOSSOMER or GOSSAMOUR, the long white cobwebs which fly in the Air in calm ſunny weather, eſpecially about the time of Autumn.

GOUJERES, the *French* diſeaſe *(lues venerea)* from the *French* word *Gouje*, which ſignifies a common Camp-Truſl, as *Goujer* ſignifies a man who deals with ſuch Proſtitutes. Theſe words *Gouje* and *Goujer* being uſed as common terms of reproach among the vulgar, and becauſe that loathſome diſeaſe was firſt brought from the ſiege of *Naples* about the Year 1495, by the *French* Army and the Women who followed it, and was by them diſperſed over all *Europe*, therefore the firſt name it got among us was the *Goujeres*; the diſeaſe of the *Gouje's.*

GOURD, Vol. 1. 205. a large fruit ſo called, which is often ſcoop'd hollow for the purpoſe of containing and carrying wine and other liquors: from thence any leathern bottle grew to be called by the ſame name, and ſo the word is uſed by *Chaucer.*

GOUTS, Vol. 8. 91. Drops. Fr. *Gouttes.*

GRATULATE, Vol. 2. 79. Fit for Gratulation.

GRICE or GRISE, or GRIECE, or GREEZE, Steps, Stairs. Fr. *Grez.*

GRIMALKIN, a name given to a Cat.

GRIME, dirt, filth.

A GROUNDLING, Vol. 9. 139. a fiſh which keeps at the bottom of the water: Hence one of the low vulgar.

GUARDE, the hem or welt of a garment: alſo, any lace or galloon upon the ſeams or borders of it. To GUARD, to lace over, to adorn,

GUERDON, Reward: an old *French* word now diſuſed.

GYVES, Shackles.

To

H

To HACK, Vol. 1. 211. to hackney, to turn Hackney or Proſtitute.

An HAGGARD, Vol. 2. 161. a wild Hawk.

To HARP, Vol. 8. 115. to ſeize, to lay hold of. Fr. *Harper.*

HARPER, Vol. 8. 113. a name given by the Witches to ſome of their miſchievous Imps.

To HARRY, Vol. 7. 288. to hare, to ruffle. Fr. *Harer.*

To HATCH, Vol. 8. 155. a term in drawing, to ſhade off and finiſh with the fine ſtrokes of a Pen.

A HAVING (a ſubſtantive) is very frequently uſed for a poſſeſſion in any thing.

HEFTS, Vol. 4. 21. the ſame as Heavings.

HELMED, Vol. 2. 46. guided, conducted.

A HENCHMAN, Vol. 1. 82. a Page.

To HEND, to ſeize, to lay hold of: alſo, to hem in, to ſurround.

HESTS or BEHESTS, Commands.

HIGHT, named or called: or, is named or called.

HILDING or HINDERLING, baſe, degenerate, ſet at nought.

To HOCKLE, to hamſtring, to cut the ſinews about the ham or hough.

HOLDING ſometimes ſignifies the burthen or chorus of a ſong.

HOLLIDAM, Vol. 3. 144. holy dame, bleſſed Lady.

HOSE, Vol. 2. 308. Breeches. Fr. *Chauſſes*, or *Haut de chauſſes.*

To HULL, Vol. 6. 313. to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without Sails or Rudder.

To HURTLE, to ſkirmiſh, to claſh, to run againſt any thing, to juſtle, to meet in ſhock and encounter. Fr. *Heurter.* Ital. *Urtare.*

An HYEN, Vol. 3. 56. or HYENA, an Animal of which many wonderful things are told, among which one is, that it can imitate the voice and laughter of Men.

JESSES,

I

JESSES, a term in falconry: ſhort ſtraps of leather tied about the legs of an Hawk, with which ſhe is held on the fiſt.

IMBOST, Vol. 3. 195. a hunting term; when a Deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *imboſt*. A Dog alſo when he is ſtrained with hard running (eſpecially upon hard ground) will have his knees ſwell'd, and then he is ſaid to be *imboſt*: from the *French* word *Boſſe* which ſignifies a tumour.

IMPORTANCE, Vol. 3. 294. the ſame as Importunity.

IMPORTANT, the ſame as Importunate.

An INDIGEST, Vol. 4. 250. a Chaos, (*rudis indigeſtaque moles.*)

INDUCTION, Vol. 5. 53. the ſame as introduction: alſo, inducement.

To INHERIT, Vol. 4. 257, to poſſeſs. It has the ſame ſenſe in other places.

To INSCONCE, Vol. 1. 234. to cover as with a fort, to ſecure.

INTRENCHANT, Vol. 8. 136. incroaching. *The intrenchant air* means the air which ſuddenly incroaches and cloſes upon the ſpace left by any body which had paſs'd through it.

JYMOLD, ſee GIMMAL.

K

KAM, "Clean kam." Vol. 7. 125. crooked, athwart, awry, croſs from the purpoſe. Ital. *a-ſchembo*. *Clean kam* is by vulgar pronunciation brought to *kim-kam*.

To KEEL, Vol. 2. 345. ſeems here to mean to drink ſo deep as to turn up the bottom of the pot; like turning up the keel of a ſhip.

A KERN, an *Iriſh* Boor.

A KESTREL, Vol. 3. 233. a little kind of baſtard hawk.

A KETCH, a tub, a caſk. Fr. *Caque*.

KICKSY-WICKSY, Vol. 3. 179. a made word in ridicule and disdain of a Wife.

KINDLED, Vol. 3. 43. to kindle is the word for rabbits bringing forth their Young.

A KIRTLE, a woman's gown.

L

LABRA, Vol. 1. 199. a lip; an *Italian* word.

To LAND-DAMM, Vol. 4. 24. probably this was a coarse expression in the cant-strain formerly in common use but since laid aside and forgotten, which meant the *taking away a man's life.* For *Land* or *Lant* is an old word for *Urine*, and to stop the common passages and functions of Nature is to *kill.*

LATTEN, Vol. 1. 199. a factitious metal. Fr. *Letan ou Laiton.*

LAUND, the same as Lawn, a plain extended between woods. Fr. *Lande.*

LAVOLTA, an old dance, in which was much turning, and much capering. Fr. *La volte.*

A LEASH, a leathern thong, by which a Falconer holds his Hawk or a Courser leads his Greyhound. Ital. *Laccio.*

To LECH, Vol. 1. 97. to lick over. Fr. *Lêcher.*

To LEECH, to cure. A LEECH, a Physician.

LEER, or LEAR, Earth, Mold,

A LEMAN, a sweet-heart, a gallant, or a mistress. Fr. *L'aimant, L'aimante.*

A LIBBARD, Vol. 2. 336. a Leopard.

LIEF, dear, beloved.

A LINSTOCK, a staff of wood with a match at the end of it used by Gunners in firing Cannon.

LITHER, Vol. 5. 319. soft, mild.

A LOB, Vol. 1. 79. a lubber, a looby.

LOCKRAM, a sort of coarse linnen.

LOGGATS, Vol. 9. 180. the ancient name of a play or game, which is one among the unlawful games enumerated in the Stat. 33. H. 8. It is the same which is now called Kittle-pins, in which Boys often make use

of

of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.

LOZELL, a lazy lubber.

A LUCE, Vol. 1. 195. a Pike or Jack.

LUNES, fits of Lunacy or frenzy, mad freaks. The *French* say of a Man who is but fantastical and whimsical, *Il a des lunes*.

LUSH, Vol. 1. 22. of a dark deep full Colour, opposite to pale and faint. Fr. *Louſche*.

LUSTICK, Vol. 3. 172. lusty: a *Dutch* word.

LUSTROUS, Vol. 3. 165. full of lustre.

LYM, Vol. 4. 146. a lime-hound: *J. Caius* derives the name from *Lyemme*, which is an old word signifying a strap or thong with which Dogs are led.

M

MAIL'D, Vol. 6. 35. cloath'd or cover'd as with armour.

MALICHO, Vol. 9. 143. a wicked act, a piece of iniquity. Span. *Malhecho*.

To MAMMER, Vol. 9. 243. to hesitate, to stand in suspence. The word often occurs in old *English* writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer.

A MAMMET, a puppet, a figure dress'd up.

MAMMUCCIO, Vol. 2. 301. the same as MAMMET. Ital. *Mammuccia*.

MANOUR or MAINOUR or MAYNOUR, an old Law-term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or as we say, *in the fact*. The expression is much used in the Forest Laws. See *Manwood*'s Edition in quarto 1665. p. 292. where it is spelt *manner*.

MAPPERY, Vol. 8. 159. the art of planning and designing.

To MATE, Vol. 8. 129. to confound, to overcome, to ſubdue. *Spen.*

A MAUKIN or MALKIN, a kind of Mop made of clouts for the uſe of ſweeping Ovens; thence a frightful figure of clouts dreſs'd up: thence a dirty wench.

A MAZZARD, Vol. 9. 180. a jaw. Fr. *Maſchoire.*

A MEACOCK, Vol. 3. 107. an uxorious or effeminate man.

MEED moſt frequently ſtands for Reward: but it is ſometimes uſed for Merit: as Vol. 6. 157. and Vol. 7. 13. See alſo *Minſhew.*

MEERED, Vol. 7. 301. relating to a boundary; MEER being a boundary or mark of diviſion.

A MEINY, Vol. 4. 127. a retinue, domeſtick ſervants. Fr. *Meſnie.*

To MELL, Vol. 3. 207. to mix, to mingle. Fr. *Mêler.*

MEPHOSTOPHILUS, the name of an infernal Spirit in the old fabulous hiſtory of Dr. *Fauſtus.*

A MICHER, Vol. 5. 40. a lazy loiterer, who ſculks about in corners and by-places and keeps out of ſight: a hedge-creeper.

MICHING, Vol. 9. 143. ſecret, covered, lying hid.

A MINNOW, the ſmalleſt of fiſhes.

MISPRISED, ſometimes it ſignifies miſtaken, from the *French* verb *meſprendre:* ſometimes undervalued or diſdained, from the *French* verb *mépriſer.*

A MISPRISION, a miſtake.

MODERN, common, ordinary, vulgar.

A MOLDWARP, a mole.

A MOME, Vol. 2. 99. a dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the *French* word *Momon,* which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *Mum!* for ſilence.

MULL'D, Vol. 7. 146. ſoften'd and diſpirited as Wine is when burnt and ſweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus.*

A MUMMER, Vol. 7. 97. a Maſker. MUMMERIE, Maſquerading. Fr. *Momerie.*

A MURE, Vol. 1. 122. and Vol. 5. 150. a Wall. Lat. *Murus.*

MURK, Darkneſs. MURKY, dark.

A MUSKET, a male hawk of a ſmall kind, the female of which is the ſparrow-hawk; ſo that *Eyas-Muſket*, Vol. 1. 232. is a young unfledg'd male Hawk of that kind. Fr. *Mouchet.*

A MUSS, Vol. 7. 303. a ſcramble.

N

NAYWARD, "to th' nayward," Vol. 4. 22. to the ſide of denial, towards the ſaying Nay.

A NAY-WORD, Vol. 3. 250. the ſame as By-word: a word of contempt; alſo a word ſecretly agreed upon, as among ſoldiers, for the diſtinguiſhing friends from foes.

A NEAFE or NEIFE or NEIVE, a fiſt.

A NEB, Vol. 4. 12. the bill or beak of a bird.

NICK, Vol. 1. 176. Jeſt, Mockery. Thence the word Nick-name from the Brit. *Nic*. ſee Diction. *de Trevoux.*

A NOLE, Vol. 1. 96. a Noddle.

O

OEILIADS, Vol. 4. 158. Glances. Fr. *Oeillades.*

An OPAL, Vol. 3. 254. a precious ſtone reflecting almoſt all colours. Fr. *Opale.* Lat. *Opalus.*

ORGILLOUS, Vol. 8. (Prol. to *Tr.* and *Creſſ.*) Proud. Fr. *Orgueilleux.*

ORTS, ſcraps, fragments, leavings.

OSPREY, Vol. 7. 152. the Sea-Eagle, of which it is reported, that when he hovers in the Air, all the fiſh in the water underneath turn up their bellies and lye ſtill for him to ſeize which he pleaſes. One of the names of this bird is *Oſſifraga*, from which by corruption is deduced *Oſprey.* See *Geſner*, and *William Turner.* The Name in *Pliny* is *Haliaetos.*

An OSTENT, a ſhew, an outward appearance. Lat. *Oſtentus.*

To OVERWEEN, to reach beyond the truth of any thing in thought: eſpecially in the opinion of a man's ſelf.

OUPHE, the ſame as *Elfe*, from which it is a Corruption, a Fairy, a Hobgoblin.

OUPHEN, Elfiſh, of fairy-kind.

An OUZLE, a blackbird.

OWCHES, Vol. 5. 115. Boſſes or Buttons of Gold. The word is mention'd in an old Statute of *Hen.* 8. made againſt exceſs in apparel, it is alſo uſed by *Chaucer* and *Spencer.*

To OWE is very frequently uſed for, Poſſeſs: to be the Owner of: eſpecially where the Author would imply an abſolute right or property in the thing poſſeſs'd.

P

A PADDOCK, a toad.

PALABRAS, Vol. 2. 173. o' my word. Span. *Dò Palabra. Pocas Palabras.* Vol. 3. 77. few words.

A PALLIAMENT, Vol. 8. 10. a Robe. Ital. *Paliamento.*

A PANTALOON, Vol. 3. 33. a man's garment antiently worn, in which the breeches and ſtockings were all of a piece. Fr. *Pantalon.*

A PANTLER, the officer in a great family who keeps the bread. Fr. *Panetier.*

To PARAGON, to compare. Fr. *Paragonner:* alſo, to equal, Vol. 9. 221.

A PARAGON, a compleat Model or Pattern.

A PARATOR, the ſame as Apparator or Apparitor: an officer belonging to the Spiritual Courts, who carries ſummons and ſerves proceſſes.

To PARGET, Vol. 7. 332. to daub or plaiſter over.

PARTLET, Vol. 4. 30. a name given to a Hen: the original ſignification being a ruff or band or covering for the Neck.

A PASH, Vol. 4. 10. a kiſs. Span. *Paz. La paz de Judas* is a phraſe with the *Spaniards*, by which they expreſs treachery.

To

To PASH, to dash.

A PELT, a Skin or Hide. Lat. *Pellis.*

PELTING, (a pelting Village, a pelting Farm) has the same sense as beggarly. There is a rot among Sheep, particularly called the *Pelt-rot*; which is, when the Sheep from poverty and ill keeping first lose their wool and then die.

PERDY, Vol. 4. 128. an oath. Fr. *par Dieu.*

PERIAPTS, Vol 5. 324. Amulets: charms worn as preservatives against diseases or mischief. Gr. περιάπτω, *pro amuleto appendo*, Steph.

A PET, a lamb taken into the House, and brought up by hand; a Cade-lamb.

A PETAR, Vol. 9. 159. a kind of little Cannon filled with powder, and used for the breaking down the gates of a town, and for countermining. Fr. *Petard.*

PICKED, sharp, smart. Fr. *Piquè.*

PIGHT, pitch'd, placed, fixed.

A PILCHER, Vol. 9. 46. a furr'd gown or case, any thing lined with furr.

PIN, Vol. 4. 142. a horny induration of the membranes of the Eye.

A PIX, Vol. 5. 213. a little chest or box wherein the consecrated Host is kept in Roman-Catholick-Countries. Lat. *Pixis.*

PLANCHED GATE, Vol. 2. 50. a Gate of boards.

To PLASH, Vol. 1. 7. to reduce into order the largest and most riotous plants in a hedge by cutting deep into their bodies to make them bend down, and then inter-weaving them with the lower parts of the hedge. The original and true word is to *Pleach* by vulgar use pronounced *Plash.*

To PLEACH, to twist together, to interweave.

POINT-DEVICE, Vol. 3. 44. exact to the greatest nicety. Fr. *A pontis devisés*: the expression is used by *Chaucer.*

POLL'D, Vol. 7. 145. shaven.

POMANDER, Vol. 4. 68. a little round ball of Perfumes. Fr. *Pomme d'Ambre.*

POMWATER, Vol. 2. 302. a very large apple.

A PRECISIAN, Vol. 1. 210. one who profeſſes great ſanctity, a ghoſtly father, a ſpiritual guide.

PRIME, Vol. 9. 253. prompt; from the Celtique or Britiſh *Prim*.

PRIMERO, a game at Cards. Span. *Primera*.

A PRISER, Vol. 3. 22. a Prize-fighter.

PROFACE, Vol. 5. 164. much good may do you! Ital. *Profaccia*.

To PROPEND, Vol. 8. 172. to lean more, to incline more favourably. Lat. *Propendeo*.

PROPERTIES, a term much uſed at the Playhouſes for the habits and implements neceſſary for the repreſentation; and they who furniſh them are called *Property-Men*. This ſeems to have ariſen from that ſenſe of the word *Property*, which ſignifies a Blind, a Tool, a Stalking-Horſe.

A PUTTOCK, a Kite.

Q

A QUAB, Vol. 9. 266. a Gudgeon, (*Gobio capitatus*. Skin.) and a gudgeon is often uſed in a figurative ſenſe for a ſoft eaſy fool ready to ſwallow any bait laid for him.

To QUAIL, to droop, to languiſh, to faint.

QUATCH, Vol. 3. 170. ſquat or flat.

QUEAZY, Vol. 4. 117. ſickiſh, nauſeating.

A QUELL, Vol. 8. 89. a murderous conqueſt. In the common acceptation to quell ſignifies to ſubdue any way, but it comes from a *Saxon* word, which ſignifies to kill.

A QUERN, a churn; alſo a mill.

QUESTS, Vol. 4. 156. lamentations. Lat. *Queſtus*.

A QUESTANT or QUESTER, one who goes in queſt of any thing.

QUILL, ("deliver our ſupplications in quill," Vol. 6. 15.) this may be ſuppoſed to have been a Phraſe formerly in uſe, and the ſame with the French *en quille*, which is ſaid of a man, when he ſtands upright upon his feet without ſtirring from the place. The proper ſenſe of *Quille* in *French* is a Nine-Pin, and in ſome parts of *England* Nine-

Nine-Pins are ſtill call'd *Cayls*, which word is uſed in the Statute 33 *Hen.* 8. c. 9. *Quille* in the old *Britiſh* language alſo ſignifies any piece of wood ſet upright.

QUILLETS, quibbles, querks, ſubtleties.

QUIPS, Vol. 1. 174. gibes, flouts.

A QUINTAIN, Vol. 3. 15. a poſt, or the figure of a Man ſet up in Wood for the purpoſe of military exerciſes, throwing darts, breaking lances, or running a tilt againſt it. Fr. *Quintaine.*

To QUOTE, to underſtand, to interpret, to rate, to eſtimate.

R

RABATO, Vol. 2. 170. an ornament for the Neck, a collar-band, or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat.* *Menage* ſaith it comes from *rabattre* to put back, becauſe it was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turn'd back towards the ſhoulders.

The RACK, Vol 7. 318, and Vol. 9. 131. the courſe or driving of the Clouds.

RAIED, blotted, ſtained, fouled: the ſame as Beraied, which is the term more known of late days. Fr. *Rayé.*

RAUGHT, the ſame as reached.

To RAVIN, to ſnatch or devour greedily.

A RAZE of ginger, Vol. 5. 22. this is the *Indian* word for a bale, and muſt be diſtinguiſh'd from *Race*, which ſignifies a ſingle root of ginger.

REAR-MICE or RERE-MICE, bats.

A RECHEATE, Vol. 2. 139. a particular leſſon upon the horn to call dogs back from the ſcent; from the old *French* word *Recet*, which was uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *Retraite.*

RECHLESS or RECKLESS, regardleſs, negligent.

To RECK, to regard, to care.

REECHY or REEKY, ſmoaky or ſoiled with ſmoak; thence alſo ſweaty or filthy with ſweat.

REED, Leſſon, doctrine, counſel.

REGUERDON, Vol. 5. 298. Recompence.

To RENEGE, Vol. 4. 132. to renounce. Span. *Renegár.*

RIBAULD,

RIBAULD, debauch'd, abandon'd, proſtituted. Fr. *Ribaud.*

RIBI, Vol. 5. 32. drink away! *Italian.* The imperative mood of *Ribére* which is the ſame as *Ribévere*, to drink again.

RIGGISH, wanton.

RIGOL, Vol. 5. 152. a circle: from the Ital. *Rigolo*, which ſignifies a little round wheel or trundle.

ROISTING, Vol. 8. 172. bluſtering, ſwaggering.

A ROOD, a Croſs.

A ROWSE, Vol. 9. 98. the ſame as a Carowſe.

ROYNISH, mangy, ſcabby. Fr. *Rogneux.*

A RUDDOCK, Vol. 8. 322. a robin red breaſt.

RUDESBY, Vol. 3. 279. rude companion, rude fellow!

A RUNNION, or RONYON, a ſcabby or a mangy man or woman. Fr. *Rogneux* and *Rogneuſe.*

RUTH, Pity, compaſſion.

S

SACRING-BELL, Vol. 6. 329. the little bell, which is rung in the proceſſion of the Hoſt to give notice of its approach, or to call to ſome holy office. From the *French* word *Sacrer*, to conſecrate or dedicate to the ſervice of God.

SAD is frequently uſed for grave, ſober, ſerious.

To SAGG is (properly) to ſink on one ſide as weights do when they are not balanced by equal weights on the other.

A SALLET or SALADE, Vol. 6. 78. a helmet. Span. *Celada.* Fr. *Salade.*

SALTIER, Vol. 4. 59. a term in Heraldry, one of the Ordinaries in form of St. *Andrew*'s croſs

SANDED, Vol. 1. 112. of a ſandy colour, which is one of the colours belonging to a true blood-hound.

SAN DOMINGO, Vol. 5. 165. St. *Dominick*, Span.

SANS, without, a *French* word.

A SAW, a wiſe ſaying, a proverb.

SAY, Vol. 4. 175. Eſſay. Fr. *Eſſai.*

To

To SCAN, to canvaſs, to examine, to weigh and conſider well any buſineſs.

SCARFED, Vol. 2. 226. pieced or jointed cloſe together; a term uſed by the Ship-builders.

SCATH, harm, miſchief. SCATHFUL, miſchievous.

A SCONCE, a fort, a fortreſs; alſo, a man's head.

To SCOTCH, to hack, to bruiſe, to cruſh. Ital *Shiacciare.*

SCROYLES, Vol. 4. 200. the diſeaſe call'd the King's evil. Fr. *Eſcroüelles*; here given as a name of contempt and abuſe to the men of *Angiers*; as we ſometimes ſcurrilouſly call men Scabs.

To SCUTCH, Vol. 5. 134. to ſwitch, to whip, to ſcourge. Ital. *Scuticare.*

SEAM, Vol 8. 177. Tallow, Fat.

A SEA-MALL, Vol 1. 35. a kind of Gull, a bird haunting the ſea-coaſts.

To SEEL, Vol. 8. 105. a term in falconry, to run a ſilk through the eye-lids of a young hawk, and to draw them near together in order to make the hawk bear a hood.

SESSA or SESSEY, Peace, be quiet. Lat. *Ceſſa.*

A SHARD, Vol. 7. 285. a tile or broken piece of a tile: thence figuratively a ſcale or ſhell upon the back of any Creature. The *Shard-born Beetle* means the Beetle that is born up by wings hard and glazed like a Pot-ſheard.

SHARDED, ſcaled.

To SHARK UP, Vol. 9. 92. to pick up in a thieviſh manner. Fr. *Chercher.*

SHEEN, clear, bright; alſo brightneſs, luſtre: uſed in both ſenſes by *Spencer.*

To SHEND, to blame, to reprove, to diſgrace, to evil-intreat.

A SHIVE, Vol. 8. 21. a ſlice.

A SHOWGHE, Vol. 1. 102. a rough-coated dog, a ſhock.

SHRIFT, confeſſion. To SHRIVE, to confeſs.

A SIEGE, a ſeat: alſo, Vol. 1. 32. the fundament of a man, in which ſenſe the *French* often uſe it? *Mal au ſiege: une fiſtule au ſiege.*

SIZES,

SIZES, Vol. 4. 131. certain portions of bread, beer or other victuals, which in publick ſocieties are ſet down to the account of particular perſons: a word ſtill uſed in the Colleges of the Univerſities.

SIZED, Vol. 9. 130. bedawbed as with Size, which is a glewiſh compoſition uſed by painters. Ital. *Siſa.*

To SKIRR, to ſcour about a country.

SLEADED or SLEDED, Vol. 9. 91. carried on a ſled or ſledge.

SLOP, wide-knee'd breeches.

SLOUGH, an huſk, an outward ſkin.

SMIRCH'D, Vol. 2. 169. ſmeared, daubed, dirtied.

To SNEAP, to check, to ſnub, rebuke.

SOOTH, true or truth: alſo, Vol. 4. 300. Adulation in the ſenſe of the verb to ſooth.

To SOWLE, Vol 7. 145. to lug or pull.

A SOWTER, Vol. 3. 258. a Cobler. Lat. *Sutor.* In this paſſage it is intended as the name of a Dog.

To SPEER, Vol. 8. Prol. to *Tr.* and *Creſſ.* to bolt, to barricado, or any ways faſten.

SPLEEN is often uſed for a ſudden ſtart, a haſty motion, a momentary quickneſs.

A SPRAY, a young tender ſhoot or branch of a tree.

SPURS, the fibres of a root.

To SQUARE, to jar, to wrangle or quarrel. For the derivation ſee the next word.

A SQUARER, Vol. 2. 135. a ſwaggering blade. This word is taken from the *French* phraſe, *ſe quarrer*, which ſignifies to ſtrut with arms a-kembo, *(anſatus incedere)* an action which denotes a character of an hectoring Bragadochio. The *French* ſay, *Les jeuns fanfarons ſe quarrent en marchant.*

A SQUIER, Vol. 2. 324. the ſame as a ſquare.

A STANYEL, Vol. 3. 258. otherwiſe called a Ring-tail, a kind of buzzard, or kite.

STATION, Vol. 9. 155. Attitude, Preſence, Perſon.

A STATIST, Vol. 9. 187. A Stateſman. Ital. *Statiſta.*

A STAY, Vol. 4. 202. a let, a ſtop, an impediment.

To

To STEAD, or STED, to ſerve, to help.

STICKLER-LIKE, Vol. 8. 232. Sticklers were Seconds appointed in a duel to ſee fair play, who parted the Combatants when they thought fit: and this being done by interpoſing with a Stick, from thence came the Name.

STIGMATICAL, Vol. 2. 110. branded with marks of diſgrace. Lat. *Stigmaticus.*

A STITHY, an Anvil. To STITHY, to beat upon an Anvil.

STOCCATA, Vol. 9. 46. a thruſt in fencing; an *Italian* word.

A STOLE, a robe, a long garment, a mantle, a woman's gown: uſed alſo by *Spencer.* Lat. *Stola.*

To SUGGEST, to prompt or egg on, Vol. 4. 258. and 304.

SUMPTER, Vol. 4. 132. a beaſt which carries neceſſaries on a journey.

SURCEASE, Vol. 8. 87. this generally ſignifies the ſuſpenſion of any act, but in this paſſage it ſtands for the total ceaſing after the final execution of it. Fr. *Surſeoir.*

A SWABBER, Vol. 3. 242. an inferior officer in a ſhip, whoſe buſineſs it is to keep the ſhip clean.

T

A TABOURINE, Vol. 7. 314. a Drum. Fr. *Tabourin.*

To TAKE, to blaſt, to ſtrike with infection. Fr. *Attaquer.*

TALL is very frequently uſed for eminent, notable, conſiderable.

To TARR ON, to provoke, to urge, as they ſet on dogs to fight.

A TASSEL-GENTLE, Vol. 9. 32. a particular kind of Hawk, the male of the Falcon. In ſtrictneſs it ſhould be ſpelt *Tiercel-gentle.* Fr. *Tiercelet.*

TEEN, trouble, grief.

TESTED, Vol. 2. 28. tried, put to the teſt.

A TETHER, a long rope with which horſes are tied to confine their feeding to a certain compaſs, and prevent their treſpaſſing farther.

THEWES, ſinews, muſcles, bodily ſtrength.

THIRDBOROUGH, the ſame as Headborough or Conſtable.

THRIFT, Thrift, Thriving, Succeſs.

TINY, ſmall, ſlender. Lat. *Tenuis.*

To TOZE, Vol. 4. 71. to break in pieces, to draw out, or pull aſunder, as they do Wool by carding it to make it ſoft. Ital. *Tozzare:* thence figuratively, by artful inſinuations to draw out the ſecrets of a man's thoughts.

To TRAMELL UP, Vol. 8. 87. to ſtop: A metaphor taken from a Tramel-net which is uſed to be put croſs a river from bank to bank, and catches all the fiſh that come, ſuffering none to paſs. Fr. *Tramail.*

TRICK is a word frequently uſed for the Air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from others.

TRICKSEY, dainty, curious, ſleight.

TRIGON, Vol. 5. 120. a term in Aſtrology, when three ſigns of the ſame nature and quality meet in a trine aſpect.

TROLL-MADAM, Vol. 4. 49. a Game commonly call'd Pigeon-holes.

TROUSERS, Vol. 5. 218. a kind of breeches wide and tucked up high, ſuch as are ſtill worn in the robes of the order of the Garter. Fr. *Trouſſe:* but "ſtrait "Trouſers" in this paſſage has a jeſting ſenſe and means the natural ſkin without any breeches.

To TRUSS, Vol. 6. 100. is a term in Falconry, when a Hawk near the ground raiſeth a fowl and ſoaring upwards with it ſeizeth it in the air.

To TRY, Vol. 1. 4. a term in ſailing: a ſhip is ſaid to Try when ſhe hath no more ſails abroad but her Mainſail, when her tacks are cloſe aboard, the bowlings ſet up and the ſheets haled cloſe aft, when alſo the helm

is

is tied close down to the board and so she is let lye in the sea.

TUB-FAST, Vol. 7. 47. the ancient discipline of the sweating-tub and fasting for the cure of the French disease.

TUCKET, a Prelude or Voluntary in Musick, a flourish of Instruments. Ital. *Toccata*.

TURLURU', Vol. 4. 126, a Crack-brain, a Fool, a Tom of Bedlam: an *Italian* word.

V.

To VAIL, to let down, to drop, to stoop.

VANTBRACE, Vol. 8. 161. defensive armour for the Arm. Fr. *Avant-bras*.

VARY, Vol. 4. 123. variation, change.

VAUNT-COURIERS, Vol. 4. 137. Fore-runners. Fr. *Avant-coureurs*.

VAWARD, Vol. 1. 112. the same as van-guard, the first line of an Army; and from thence the forward or leading part of any thing.

VELURE, Vol. 3. 114. Velvet. Fr. *Velours*.

VENEW, Vol. 2. 319. a rest or bout in fencing.

A VENTIGE, Vol. 9. 149. a vent or passage for Air. Fr. *Ventouse*.

VIA! Vol. 1. 220. away! an *Italian* word.

VICE, "Vice's dagger," Vol. 5. 134. and "Like the old Vice," Vol. 3. 283. This was the name given to a droll figure heretofore much shown upon our Stage and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long Jerkin, a fool's cap with Asses-ears and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouche. *Minsheu* and others of our more modern Criticks strain hard to find out the Etymology of this word and fetch it from the *Greek*: probably we need look no farther for it than the old *French* word *Vis*, which signifies the same as *Visage* does now:

From this in part came *Viſdage* a word common among them for a fool, which *Menage* ſays is but a corruption from *Vis d'aſne* the face or head of an Aſs. It may be imagin'd therefore that *Viſdaſe* or *Vis d'aſne* was the name firſt given to this fooliſh theatrical figure, and that by vulgar uſe it was ſhorten'd down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*.

To VICE, Vol. 4. 18. to hold faſt as with an Inſtrument call'd a Vice.

UMBER, a colour uſed by Painters, a dark Yellow.

UNANNEAL'D, Vol. 9. 111. unprepared. To *anneal* or *neal* in its primary and proper ſenſe is to prepare metals or glaſs by the force of fire for the different uſes of the manufacturers in them: and this is here applied by the Author in a figurative ſenſe to a dying perſon, who when prepared by impreſſions of piety, by repentance, confeſſion, abſolution, and other acts of Religion, may be ſaid to be *anneal'd* for death.

UNANOINTED, Vol. 9. 111. not having received extreme unction.

UNBARBED, Vol. 7. 129. bare, uncover'd. In the times of Chivalry when a horſe was fully armed and accoutered for the incounter, he was ſaid to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *Barbe* which *Chaucer* uſes for a Veil or Covering.

UNBATED, Vol. 9. 176. unabated, unblunted.

UNBOLTED, Vol. 4. 122. unſifted.

UNBRAIDED, Vol. 4. 56. unfaded, freſh.

UNBREECH'D, Vol. 4. 11, not yet in breeches, a boy in coats.

UNCHARY, Vol. 3. 173. careleſs.

UNHOUSEL'D, Vol. 9. 111. without having received the Sacrament. *Houſel* is a *Saxon* word for the Euchariſt, which ſeems derived from the Latin *Hoſtiola*.

UNNEATH, hardly, ſcarcely.

An URCHIN, an Hedge-hog, which was reckon'd among the Animals uſed by witches as their familiars: hence figuratively, a little unlucky miſchievous boy or girl.

UTAS

UTAS or UTIS, Vol. 5. 114. the eighth and laſt day of a feſtival, for ſo long the great feſtivals were accounted to laſt, the concluſion being kept with more than ordinary merriment: from the Fr. *Huit*.

To th' UTTERANCE, Vol. 8. 101. to the utmoſt, to all extremity. Fr. *à Outrance*. At UTT'RANCE, Vol. 8. 273. at all extremity.

W

To WAGE, to combat with, to enter into conflict with, to encounter.

WAPED or WAPID, Vol. 7. 46. mournful, ſorrowful. *Chaucer*.

To WARP, to contract, to ſhrink.

WASSEL or WASSAILE, the merriment of twelfth night with a great bowl carried about from houſe to houſe: the word is compounded of two *Saxon* Words ſignifying, *health be to you!* a WASSEL-CANDLE, Vol 5. 98. is a candle larger than ordinary uſed at that ceremony.

A WEB, Vol. 4. 142. a ſpot in the Eye injurious to the ſight.

A WEED, Vol. 1. 85. a garment.

To WEEN, to think.

To WEET, to know.

WEIRD, the *Scotch* word for perſons dealing in Sorcery, whether Wizards or Witches.

WELKIN, the firmament or ſky.

WELKING, Vol. 4. 10. languiſhing, faint.

To WEND, to go.

WHELK'D, Vol. 4. 161. a Whelk is ſuch a riſing tumour upon the ſkin as the laſh of a whip or ſwitch leaves behind it.

WHIFFLER, Vol. 5. 247. an officer who walks firſt in proceſſions or before perſons in high ſtations upon occaſions of ceremony. The name is ſtill retained in the city of *London*, and there is an officer ſo call'd who walks before their companies at times of publick ſolemnity.

ſolemnity. It ſeems a corruption from the *French* word *Huiſſier*.

WHINMID, Vol. 8. 164. crooked. *Minſhew* under the word *Whinneard* takes notice of this old word to *Whinnie* and interprets it *(incurvare)* to bend or make crooked.

A WHITTLE, a coarſe blanket or mantle worn by the poorer ſort.

To WIS or WIST, to know, to judge rightly of a thing.

A WITTOL, a Cuckold jealous and uneaſy under his Wife's tranſgreſſions but not having ſpirit enough to reſtrain them.

WOE-BEGONE, overwhelmed with ſorrow. *Spen.*

A WOLD, a down, an open hilly country.

WOOD or WODE, mad, frantick.

WREAK, revenge: WREAKFULL, revengeful.

WRIZLED, Vol. 5. 285. wrinkled.

Y

YARE, ready, nimble, quick.

YCLEPED, called, named.

Z

A ZANY, a merry Andrew, a Jack-pudding. Ital. *Zanè.*

F I N I S.